

THE REAL TRUTH AT LAST ABOUT

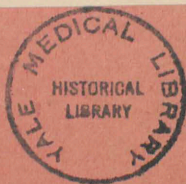
HOLMES!



POOR WIFE'S
SAD STORY.

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CLEMENTS C. FRY, M. D.



SOLD TO SATAN

HOLMES

—A—

POOR WIFE'S SAD STORY

—

Not a mere rehash, but
SOMETHING NEW
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

—

A LIVING VICTIM.

—

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SOLD TO SATAN.

TO THE PUBLISHERS.

GENTLEMEN :

Now that this fiend of all the fiends in history has been brought to his well-deserved fate, I wish to contribute through you a portion, especially of the earlier career, when he had first sold himself to Satan. For this is exactly what he did, as he frequently boasted to my poor, unfortunate sister. "Poor girl! what she suffered no tongue can ever tell!"

These latter words, spoken in anguished tones, were uttered two hours after Holmes had been sent into the other world by the public executioner to answer for his villainies, and even as the undertaker's men were shoveling the half ton of cement over his worse than worthless body before burying it in *consecrated ground*. "*Consecrated ground!*" Oh, Archbishop, with the brain peerless in polemics! unexcelled in keen perception of human nature! intellectual monarch of your fellow hierarchs! You! you should have barred out from that spot this monster from Satan's realm! You! you should have saved the beloved, sleeping dust of the good and faithful from this hideous insult!

And is the gory money left by Holmes and still wet with the blood of Mrs. Pietzel's husband and three little innocent children to be permitted to raise a monument in deference to his order, and describing how unjustly he was condemned? That has been the rumor. If so, and such an atrocity upon public decency is ever perpetrated, a large committee of lusty-armed lot-holders of Holy Cross Cemetery should in broad daylight there assemble, and, with crowbar and sledge, cast down and pound the offensive thing

into powder. Let there be no bringing to life again in marble or stone of the lies that died with him on the gallows, lest a too long forbearing community arise and assert itself. No wonder if some even of the oldest keepers dreaded the weird power of Holmes, chained though he was. Think of it, gentle Reader, that right there in his cell before their very eyes, he successfully fooled shrewd, experienced newspaper men of Philadelphia and New York, who brought thousands of dollars in bank notes—he would not have checks—and paid to him in return for the false rubbish he sold to each of them as his *last, true* confession! Thus, to the towering heap of his greater crimes he was allowed, through the weakness of those whose official positions clothed them with ample power to prevent it, to add several cases of obtaining money under false pretences. Perhaps the wretch hypnotized them all around. But to our narrative, and thus to make many such monstrosities in the future impossible.

Gentlemen, I know of what I am speaking when I say that Holmes was much older than what he passed for. He also fully believed in the transmigration of souls. Perhaps you are not aware of another fact, which is, that his honest, good old father does not to this day believe that the man who was hung was really his son Herman, but was some other person entirely. But his broken-hearted mother! Ah! she *is* to be supremely pitied. She knew exactly, and in her deep despair she sent by Colonel Banes her last message on earth to the child of her old age. It was "*Be sure to see a clergyman.*" She felt that of mercy there was none in this life, nor by his fellow creatures for the wretch who had grown to be such a demon, and her motherly love now only looked for him into the beyond—in hope that God, in his infinite mercy and goodness, might save even him.

When Holmes was yet growing up, good enough and studious, he came across the old-time school book, called the Transmigrations of Indur, and it made a strange, and I believe, a fatal impression on the young man, as all through his after life it became a favorite subject with him. I know he often argued with my sister, that the moment he died he would—that is, his soul would—pass at once either into some animal or some other human being, and so on through countless ages.

He devoured the account of the trial of Giteau for the assassination of President Garfield, and often expressed great admiration for the bull-dog way in which that culprit defended himself and threatened after he was condemned, and predicted what dire calamities would overtake everybody who took a hand in the trial against him.

Strangely enough, dire calamities did, one after another, overtake these actors in that tragedy, and so proved Giteau's prophesy to be true. Holmes had a list of the names which he made at the time and used to carry about with him, and on this list he would tick off each accident or misfortune to its appropriate name whenever it chanced to appear in the papers. And he took a pleasure in at once writing to the papers and calling attention to Giteau's prediction.

This feature of Holmes' life was brought back to me with startling force when, scarcely half a year after he was condemned to the gallows, I read in the papers of the tragic death of the foreman of the jury that convicted him. He was killed on the top of his own house by a live electric wire, thus being a victim of a violent fate some short time previous to the fiend's own execution. Should the two cases turn out to be similar in this awful respect it would certainly be exceedingly strange, and show what?—a mere coincidence or series of coincidences, or would it help the assertion that Satan has power to revenge any harm that may befall any of his demons permitted upon earth among men and women?

I have talked fully with those who knew Holmes when he was a mere child, and they all testified to me that he was in no way different then from ordinary boys, except that he had extraordinary curiosity, and was full of questions about this and that and everything he saw being done, which was regarded as much in his favor instead of against him. He was careful with such spending money as was allowed him, and soon began to display considerable shrewdness in little business adventures of buying and selling.

Shortly after he left school he happened to buy a book at a second-hand stall in the street, and this, being the history of how several great fortunes were made, including Girard's, Astor's, Vanderbilt's and others, seemed, as it were, to inoculate him with a new mental virus, that of inordinate desire for wealth. This, and the other book I have alluded to, if they did not create, at least shaped and cultivated his natural propensities into their subsequent deadly growth. Avarice and Animality now took complete possession of the young man, and every new month of his life saw him growing like a weed, ranker and ranker in both respects.

About this time, my unfortunate sister, Lucy, and I had moved on from the East to Philadelphia, here, and started a little store. Mother came and lived with us, and we were in quite comfortable circumstances, as our venture proved profitable. Besides, we each had a moderate sum of ready money from property which had been sold at the time of father's death.

Holmes had just lost his position at the insane hospital, where he had been a nurse or medical attendant of some sort, and applied to us for board. Oh, had we but known, or could we have only seen a year or two ahead, how quickly would the door have been shut in his face. But we did not and could not, and so Lucy became one of his victims. And no doubt but for mother's suspicions, which were presently aroused, all three of us would have shared the fate of robbery and death meted out subsequently to others.

He was a consummate actor and fine, fluent talker, and by the time mother began to distrust him he had become engaged to Lucy, and she was so infatuated that she would not listen to mother's advice to put the marriage off for awhile till she could learn more about her fiancée. So she was married, or, rather, she thought she was, for we found out that the supposed Methodist minister who performed the ceremony was only an accomplice of Holmes, named Pequot, a Canadian, who subsequently also helped him in the bogus insurance business, and perhaps was himself sold as a cadaver to the surgeons, as he suddenly disappeared and was never heard of again. It was a favorite way with Holmes, when an accomplice began to know too much for safety to quietly chloroform him or her and sell the body. Of this I am fully satisfied. And I am just as sure that many a woman victim, wife or mistress, as the case might be, just the same as his male accomplices were murdered and sold for the dissecting table. He never bothered himself about burning them up in his "castle" furnace, except he could not get rid of them otherwise.

After he married, or rather victimized my sister Lucy, he never rested until he obtained from her nearly all her money. And then he began to neglect and abuse her, going off and remaining absent for weeks and not even writing. When he returned he never informed her where he had been nor what he had been doing. Finally, having determined to leave her, he told her so in a brutal fashion, and advised her to sue for a divorce, as he would not only not make any opposition, but would be very glad to help her rid herself of himself.

Lucy never rallied again after that, but sank rapidly away until she died. Both mother and I wanted her to have him arrested, but this she would not listen to. Just at this juncture we found out by an accident that the villain was already married to at least one woman, an estimable young lady in New England, and to how many others Heaven only knows.

And here in the "Extra" which I just bought from a newsboy in the street, I read that he said just before he was hung that he

never killed anybody! Now, how those clergymen could stand at his side and hear him so deliberately lie, and then absolve and bless that human tiger, passes my comprehension. Instead of that, they ought to have excommunicated him and placed the anathema of the church upon the vile wretch. Mind, too, he was not brought up a Catholic, but both his mother and father were always devout and true-hearted Methodists. So he, in his childhood, was trained in that faith most strictly, and when in changing his career to one of sin and wickedness, he just threw himself into the devil's arms. I have recalled various occasions and colloquies he had with either Lucy or mother and myself, and I reproduce them from my memory, as they made a profound and, I may truthfully say, a horrible impression upon me. It is unnecessary to say that none of these occurred before he married Lucy, but some time afterwards. Had there been the slightest previous hint in any such direction, he would have been shown to the door in short metre. Oh, when I think back over that period, it makes my blood boil to think how he deceived us all, and robbed and murdered Lucy, for it was his treatment that caused her death.

One day Lucy came into my room, all in a quiver, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Dolly, Harry will be the death of me yet, with his horrible yarns, though I don't believe him nine-tenths of the time, for I think he paints himself this way in order to make me hate him and bring suit for divorce. Last night he told me a string of the most diabolical rascality or rubbish that ever a human being told. You remember the Hull murder in New York some years ago?"

"Yes, I do, very well, indeed."

"Well, this is what he told me about it."

"I knew Chastine Cox. He used to do odd jobs for me when I was a student in New York. He was a great nigger, that moke was. Why, I could mesmerize him and make him bite himself, or rob himself, and when he came out of his trance, not a bit would he know about it, till I'd tell him what he did."

"I have put him into the state lots of times. Do you think he would have killed anybody by himself? Why, he wouldn't hurt a dog. The best natured "cullud brudder" ever I laid my eyes on."

"Stop, Harry! For Heaven's sake, stop!" cried I, "You make my blood run cold to hear you."

"Ha, ha! Why, Lucy, I could make you do the same thing if I could only once get full control of you, but somehow I can't do it. Here, let me try once more. Wouldn't you like to do away with somebody while asleep? You would never know it, you know."

"As he spoke, he caught hold of my wrist with a tight grip with his left hand, and began waving his right hand before my eyes and pressing my forehead with his fingers over the region of my brows. Next, he slipped a polished, round, quick-silvered glass ball out of his pocket, and passed it crosswise back and forth in my sight with quick, peculiar motions. But, you know, Dolly, that I had no dread of his being able to put me 'under the influence,' as I was proof against that, just the same as you and mother are.

"After continuing his antics for some time, he stopped, and pushed me violently from him with an oath. I tried to talk with him and reason with him, for, oh, I do dread that without he experiences a change of heart, his evil ways will yet bring him to the gallows. But he flew into a perfect rage, and cursed religion and ministers.

"I wish I could have my way with all you pious old Pollies! I'd roast you all. Ha! ha! What a sizzle you and your fat old mother, and your prim, plump sister would make! Fit for a New Zealand Chief's boarding house. Say, Luce, I'm going to make you special custodian of a little secret of mine. Did you ever read the story of Faust and Marguerite? Of course, you did! You remember he sold his soul to Satan. You think that was a fairy tale, but it wasn't! No! it was a fact—a historical, simon-pure fact. Now, don't you go and give it away on me, but that's just what I did some time ago—sold—well, no, not exactly sold my soul to Satan, but I have mortgaged it to the old gentleman, and I'm going to beat him out of the mortgage. You see, I don't mind telling you all about the transaction.

"When I started out to seek my fortune I noticed that money is the great impelling power in this world. Away back to the times of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the struggle for life has meant the struggle for money, for with money people live; the more they have the better they live, and, faith, the better they die. They say that Satan will give you all you want for your soul. The old swindler! The goody, goody folks in church, they know all about piety here and hereafter, and they tell you he is the father of lies. Well, I suppose he is, and that after he drives a bargain with humanity, he tries to swindle humanity out of what he has given them. Do you know, Luce, there's a heap of human nature about Satan?"

"Oh, Harry, please do stop such horrible talk!"

"Ha! ha! Luce! You don't appreciate philosophy and hard facts. Well, well! As I started to inform you, I am mortgaged to his Satanic Majesty, and when the old Emperor comes to foreclose it, it is my intention to give him the slip. Now, don't you forewarn him if you should happen to die and go—Oh, I forgot; you'll go

to Heaven when you pass away; yes, yes! Well, of course, everything I do that is not just righteous during my lifetime, it will not be done by me but by Satan, or the imp that he sends into me to watch out for the interest of his mortgage. So I won't be morally responsible for misdeeds. And if ever I am so unfortunate as to get myself hung or shot, according to the usages of the land I may be operating in, I will turn Catholic, get hold of a crucifix, and slip into the good gate behind its protection, and as neither Satan nor his imps can step past that, why, you see, I'll fool him at the last, after all. I'll get him to help me pile up two millions of dollars. When I get that I'll leave him without paying off his mortgage, settle down, be the saintliest of the saintly, give money to churches and charities, have a fine establishment, be in the swim generally, and die at a good old age, respected and beloved by my fellow men and women, too, bless their hearts and pretty corpses—the women, I mean. I'll get lots of pretty women! Ha! ha! I'll have them like shad in May-time."

Thus the villain continued to pour his wretched blasphemy into the unwilling ears of my poor sister, who being held in his grasp could not release herself and run from him until he chose to permit her to do so. And when he did, she was so overcome and horrified that she was in peril of complete collapse.

When she told mother about it her persecutor had left the house, and did not appear again for nearly two months; then, however, mother ordered him out of the house, or, rather, defied him to enter it, telling him if he ever did so, she would shoot him dead. And I feel well assured she would have done so, for she kept father's revolver always handy.

Once or twice after that the wretch wrote to Lucy, asking her to meet him at certain places he named, and telling her that he had reformed and become a changed man. But, fortunately, she told us about the receipt of the letters, and we easily persuaded her to pay no attention to them. Poor Lucy, dear girl! She has been dead now for two years, and do you think I am harshly unjust when I say that her death and her blighted life lie at his door? I think not, and I feel all the more for and can commiserate with those who have lost dear ones at the hands of the fiend. Oh, if some good angel were only sent on earth to warn people of the intentions of such demons, in order that their evil and wickedness might be prevented."

"You say, Miss, that her murderer, for we agree with you in calling him so, often tried to mesmerize, or, rather, hypnotize yourself and your mother?"

"Oh, my! Yes, indeed! I remember one instance in particular. Mother had had some money paid to her on a certain date, and happened to mention it to him. You see, that was before we began to be suspicious of the scamp. Well, that same evening, after supper—it was a very stormy night, and no customers at all came in—he induced Lucy to stay down in the store with me, while he engaged mother in conversation. Presently, he began talking about the ways and habits and skillful tricks of burglars, and told a number of stories of their exploits. This was his method to lead mother on to tell him where she placed her money and jewelry. And she innocently enough did so, and listened very attentively to an improvement he suggested in the closet where she kept everything of value.

Well, the matter dropped; he commenced to read a paper, and mother took up some sewing. After awhile I heard mother say:

"Harry! what are you trying to do?"

"Trying to mesmerize you; that's all."

"Just stop it, then; I don't like anything like that."

"Why, it was only some fun, on my part."

"All right, then; only I don't like anything of the sort."

"Very well, then, I won't do it; but I could put you to sleep if I wanted to."

"Mother laughed at this, and said that he could not do anything of the sort; that it had been tried several times, and never succeeded."

"I'll wager you twenty dollars that I can," he replied.

"I will not bet; I never do; but I will make you a present of a handsome pair of kid gloves if you can affect me in the slightest degree."

Lucy, at this juncture, happened to go upstairs, and hearing the conversation, called to me to come up and see the fun, as Harry was going to mesmerize mother. I bolted the store door, and ran up and watched the proceeding. I had never seen anything of the sort and was full of curiosity, and watched him most attentively as he made his passes. Of course he failed, as mother predicted he would. Then he made excuses that her mind on that particular evening was too strong for him, but some other time he would be successful. Both Lucy and I challenged him to mesmerize us. He essayed, but failed just as signally as with mother.

"Well," he said finally, "there are a few people who never can be put under the influence, and you three evidently belong to that class of temperaments."

We felt afterwards, when we had found out what the man really was, that his only object was to get mother asleep, rob her of her money and decamp. And often have I thought it would have been a blessing in disguise, for in that case we should have had Lucy with us, for had he gone with the money, he would never have showed himself to us again, and consequently would never have got Lucy."

All this is another phase, or, rather, incident in the life of the monumental monstrosity, of the multi-murderer of the entire century, and, in connection with the following, calls attention to the fact that there is no authentic knowledge of what the villain did with the great sums of money into the possession of which he came through his multitudinous crimes. He was a wonderfully keen, shrewd business man. His ventures all turned out lucky; he never gave anything away. His object in life was to heap up two millions of dollars, at least, and all his business ventures, as already remarked, turned out extremely lucky, and he used to be fond of counting his money in great rolls of notes. Checks he only used in commercial operations as a matter of convenience; but when he could he invariably preferred to have his money in notes, especially of large denomination.

"I'll tell you what my belief is," said an officer who had a great deal to do with running down the criminal, "it is that he had hiding places in which he put away his ill-gotten gains. You know that is a distinctive habit of thieves. Instead of using banks and saving funds, or safe deposit companies, if it's cash they secure in their stealing, they invariably bury it somewhere, say in the woods or in cellars, or in out of the way spots. It always has been so, and I guess it always will be so. Men and women of criminal disposition become, naturally, just like rats, and hide their robberies in burrows. No doubt this one has followed the same rodent habit, and interred his various stealings in various places, expecting some day to have been able to start up what they call an honest life, and live the rest of his days in laziness and such peace as his conscience would permit him to enjoy, which would not be much.

"I have had a large heap of experience in my time, and I tell you there is not a solitary thief, I don't care whether he has been discovered or not, there's not one, whether he is a bank president or your low down ten-cent pickpocket, that ever succeeded in making a decent living, and not one who ever had five minutes of real contentment or happiness. That constant dread of someone finding it out, of exposure, of arrest, I tell you it puts ashes in the middle of every thief's apple. There's no use talking, they can't

get away from it. A dishonest penny in the pocket is instantly a ghost in the heart, scaring and hounding to the death.

"It can't be impressed too often nor too deeply on young people, boys and girls at school, young men and young women in situations of trust, not to begin to lie or deceive, or to touch a pin's worth that don't belong to them. Yes, and to old people, never to mix up their money with that of the party who employs them. It's like an expert bicycle rider, scorching along with the wheel on a car track. For a little distance he or she may do it, but the wobble is sure to come at last, and then—well, there's broken bones and dirty clothes."

Had the subject of these pages of history only been mindful of the advice of loving parents, so quaintly expressed in the officer's language! But, most unfortunately, he came across the books referred to in the opening, and the result was, in the end, death and ignominy. Ah, how carefully should we watch, first, that bad books do not get into the hands of our children, and further, how carefully we should watch that even books which in themselves are not bad, yet should be read by our children in such a way that no bad results may occur.

Holmes' downfall commenced with the insatiate appetite for rapid wealth suddenly developed within him. Ordinary progress to affluence was entirely too slow. Then came reading about momentary successes of insurance swindlers, who bought dead bodies and palmed them off to get large sums of money. Of course, this required perjury, which, once committed, led easily to the other crime of grave robbery. Another step, and that was—*murder!* One murder! Well, that was difficult to the budding felon; but, after the first, no trouble about the next, and the next, and the next, until, as in the case of the Williams' sisters, he took the pair, like snapping two cherries from a tree branch, and, further along, the Pietzel family he snapped from the vine like plucking a bunch of grapes. And, no doubt, he would as readily have killed a whole city full of people, remorselessly, at one stroke, if he had thought he could get his coveted money by so doing.

He evidently, also, had the demonish ambition to be considered the boss fiend and the master swindler of the century, or he would not have spun such exaggerated yarns about murders he never committed, in order to swindle the newspapers out of their money.

As a matter of correct chronicling, we append hereto the only reliable account and detail of the career of Holmes from his birth until the executioner sprung the trap that sent his blood-stained, guilty soul into the presence of the Judge of all, and his body into

the grave, which latter we still insist should never have been permitted to desecrate the burying ground where repose the ashes and dust of honest and pious people. He should have been put away in some place not used by decent people for burial, and if the deceived priests, and we speak with all the respect due, still insisted on his going into consecrated ground, they should have consecrated some special pit specially for him, not among orderly good people's last resting places.

H. H. Holmes was born in the little village of Gilmanton, New Hampshire. His father was a farmer, and his mother, up to the time of her marriage, had been a school teacher. Both were devout Methodists, and they brought up their three children—two girls and a boy—in that religious belief, Herman, which was his right first name, being admitted to the Sunday school when he was but six years of age. He was a thin and scrawny child, not at all precocious, but it is recalled now by his old schoolmates that he had a habit of saving his pennies while they spent their's. He was never a boon companion in play, and before he was ten years of age he was known among his fellows as a serious and solitary youngster, who did not for a moment mind his unpopularity.

He became an errand boy in a photograph gallery, and during nine years acted as clerk in a store, as assistant to a physician, and as private secretary to the president of a dental college. He had studied hard at the public schools, had accumulated a little money through his amateur business ventures, and, assisted by his parents, had prepared to enter Dartmouth College. His association with physicians, however, side-tracked him in this ambition, and he matriculated at the University of Vermont at Burlington, where for one college year he studied medicine. In the following September he journeyed to Ann Arbor, Michigan, and entered the medical college at that place. He was an apt student and progressed rapidly, but before he had been at Ann Arbor a year he formally entered upon the career of crime which ended in Moyamensing prison.

It was, perhaps, the dissecting table which gave him his first taste for blood, but his initial crime was a much more commonplace one than murder. He became the agent in Ann Arbor for a medical book published in Chicago, sold quite a large number of them among the students and faculty, and embezzled the proceeds. The publishing firm conveniently failed about this time, and Holmes was never prosecuted. He was graduated in 1884 as a full-fledged physician, and moved to Moore's Forks, New Jersey, where he opened an office as a physician under his proper name.

The practice in the little Jersey village was not large enough to keep him in food and lodging, and he came to Philadelphia, working for a short time in a drug store on Columbia Avenue. Then he found short employment at the Norristown Asylum for the Insane, but it was unprofitable, and he drifted out to Chicago. While at the Ann Arbor University he made the acquaintance of a fellow-student from Canada, named Pequot. The latter had not prospered since his diploma was granted him, and the two penniless young men began to concoct schemes for defrauding insurance companies. This was in Chicago, in November, 1885, and it was then that our villain assumed the name of H. H. Holmes.

The two arranged the details of a scheme to be shared in by an alleged third party living somewhere in a Western State, to secure \$40,000 from four different insurance companies located in the East. Pequot suddenly disappeared, and Holmes abandoned the scheme, though he said he had purchased a dead body and sent it in a trunk to the Fidelity Storage Warehouse in Chicago. Pequot has never been heard of since; no doubt Holmes killed him and this was his body. It is only one of the pathetic incidents in the man's life, that on July 4th, 1878, he had married Clara A. Lovering, at Alton, N. H., the ceremony being performed by John W. Caurrier, a Justice of the Peace. A child was born to them one year later, but Holmes showed no affection for his family, and while in Chicago at this time, after the failure of his first insurance scheme, he filed in the Superior Court of Cook County a libel in divorce against the good country girl he had married. This was reached on February 14, 1887, and on June 4, 1891, the court ordered the suit dismissed because of the complainant's default of appearance.

From that time, Holmes, who most undoubtedly had sold his soul to Satan, exactly as he boasted to Lucy, went headlong into crime. The following list is reliable, as we have carefully excluded the silly stuff he told the newspapers of people he killed who are known to be living now at the time this is written. Heaven knows it is awful enough. In 1886, Holmes having made a great deal of money by his various swindling operations, built "the castle" in Chicago, at Sixty-third and Wallace Streets. In this building he had two secret chambers, one air-tight vault and a furnace which had all the outward appearance of a crematory. He built the house to do murder in. He calmly and coolly planned it with no other idea in view than that of making a profession of killing people.

Patrick Quinlan was made janitor. The first victim here was Dr. Robert Laycock of Michigan, whose life insurance Holmes got a

part of, as there was a compromise. The body was sold to the surgeons. The next victims were Mrs. Connor, her daughter Pearl and the unborn child. Their bones were afterwards found in the cellar of the castle by the police. The next victim was a Mrs. Cook. Miss Haracamp, whom he also claimed he killed, is now living in Hamilton, Canada, and thinks her aunt was not killed. But she was, undoubtedly, as she has never been heard of since. The next was Miss Emeline Cigrand, of Dwight, Illinois. She had just left school, and went to Holmes in reply to an advertisement for a typewriter. He ruined her, and promptly killed and burned the body up in the furnace, as he could not conveniently sell it. Miss Anna Betz, a salesgirl, was his next victim. The next one, Miss Ellis, (?) had considerable property in the West, which, after her murder, he obtained. In January, 1887, he married an estimable woman, Miss Myrtle Z. Belknap, of Ilion, Illinois, who is still living, with the baby that was born at The Castle. It has often been wondered at that she escaped. No doubt she, too, would have been killed, but soon after her marriage to the fiend her eyes were opened to the villain's real character. She broke the influence he had over her, and finally left him in time, taking the baby with her. The next victim was Minnie R. Williams, who replied to his advertisement for a stenographer. And here let us call the reader's attention to the fact that the demon did not select poverty-stricken, nor loose, friendless creatures for victims, but most respectable persons with property, money and friends. So it seems that Satan must have helped him really, as he was invariably successful in obtaining the moneys and properties he was after. Now, Miss Williams, who was a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, had considerable property in Fort Worth, Texas. Holmes employed her, and in a very short time persuaded her to transfer it to him, so that he could improve it for her. He discovered that a sister, Nannie by name, had an interest in this property, so he got Minnie to write to her to come to Chicago. She did so, and he deliberately murdered both the sisters down in the air-tight vault in the cellar, and burned their bodies in the furnace.

At this time Ben Pietzel was employed by Holmes to do "dirty work," or in other words, to aid him in carrying out his schemes of fraud in insurance, and he sent him to Fort Worth in January, 1894, to see what could be done with the two dead girls' property. Pietzel assumed the name of Benton F. Lyman on his arrival there, and was shortly joined by Holmes and his *new* wife. This new wife was Miss Georgiana Yoke, who, in passing, we may say has been subjected to some cruel scandal, but who always was and is a most

highly respectable, virtuous young woman of most unblemished reputation. Like his other victims, she fell helpless under his Satanic influence. But, thank Heaven, it was broken at last, and it was through her stern sense of honorable duty that the monster was brought to the gallows. Was it not strange that this journey to Texas should be the beginning of Holmes' final tramp to the gallows with his last victim, Ben Pietzel, and his last wife, Miss Yoke. He took Miss Yoke to Denver, and on January 17, 1894, was married to her by Rev. Dr. William J. Willecox, under the name of H. H. Howard. He believed in the good luck of alliteration in the initials of his names. The way he explained this to her was that he had a very rich uncle named Howard, who had promised to leave him a large fortune if he would take his name. While at Fort Worth he assumed the name of Pratt, and he and Pietzel began building on the Williams' land, issued a note for \$16,000 on which Lawyer Samuels advanced \$5,000; mortgaged the property very heavily, stole a carload of horses, shipped them to Chicago and then decamped, Holmes taking Miss Yoke to Denver, and Pietzel going back to The Castle at Chicago. Holmes had already put an insurance of \$10,000 on Pietzel, and, after some correspondence, they met in St. Louis to arrange about securing a "stiff," meaning a dead body to substitute in Pietzel's stead, and thus swindle the company. While he was arranging this, he tried a little side job, as he called it, by starting a bogus drug store. For this he was arrested and imprisoned until he was bailed out by Miss Yoke under his own direction. Pietzel visited him several times at the prison. While here they met the notorious trainrobber, Hedgepath, and from him obtained the name of Jephtha D. Howe as a good lawyer to engage. After getting out of prison, Holmes, his wife and Pietzel, started East to put the scheme in execution. Then it was that Holmes made up his mind to put Pietzel himself to death, and his entire family, as they knew too much for his own safety. Doubtless, his idea was to do this, and then there would only remain Miss Yoke, and after he was tired of her he would kill her and burn her up in "the castle" furnace, sell out that place, and start out afresh with his hoard of blood-stained money in some new place.

So they came to Philadelphia, Holmes took board at Mrs. Alcorn's, 1905 North Eleventh Street, and Pietzel, under the name of Perry, rented the house at 1316 Callowhill Street. The same day Holmes and Pietzel bought second-hand furniture for this house from John F. Hughes, 1037 Buttonwood Street, and a sign was put in the window with both names on it as dealers in patents. On Saturday, September 1, Pietzel bought a gallon of whiskey to drink

during Sunday. On that fatal Sunday morning, Holmes, taking with him a bottle of chloroform, went to the Callowhill Street house, found Pietzel drunk, chloroformed him to death, poured some over his face, took a match from the dead man's vest pocket, and set it blazing. Then he smashed the bottle on the floor to give an idea that the death had been caused by an explosion, and turning the window slats so that the sun would shine on the face of the corpse and hasten decomposition, he left.

In as rapid a time as would not cause suspicion Holmes met Lawyer Howe in Philadelphia. Mrs. Pietzel was too ill to come, but sent her daughter Alice, fourteen years old, with Howe to recognize the body, which had been buried in Potter's Field. It was dug up, and though so terrible a sight as to make the Coroner's doctor sick, Holmes took his knife from him and cut the identification marks from it, after forcing the poor girl to look at it and identify it as her father. The same night he started to Indianapolis with Alice, Howe remaining to collect the money. Twenty-five hundred of this was the lawyer's fee, and Holmes got nearly all the balance from Mrs. Pietzel on the plea of using it on the Fort Worth land for her benefit. From her he also got the other two children, Nellie and Howard, on the plea that their father wanted to see them. Mrs. Pietzel all the time supposed her husband was alive, and that the body identified as his had been bought so as to cheat the insurance company. The three children he then took to Irvington, where he poisoned Howard and cut the body up and burned it in the stove, together with his toys and playthings, and part of the mother's trunk. The rest of the trunk was afterwards found under the porch. He expected to kill Alice and Nellie here but could not manage it safely, and as Miss Yoke was coming to meet him there, he resolved to take all to Detroit, in two separate parties, however. He wrote to Mrs. Pietzel to go to Detroit with Dessa and the baby. Here, again, his plan failed, and with consummate design he started all three detachments off to Toronto, Canada, where Holmes placed them in different hotels. He met Mrs. Pietzel at the depot and assured her that her husband was somewhere near Toronto, but that it would be best for her to remain very quiet until he was located. Holmes sent Miss Yoke on a visit to Niagara Falls, and on October 20 rented the house at 16 St. Vincent Street, Toronto, giving the name of Howard, and saying that his sister was to take charge of the place.

He made a trip to Niagara Falls to bring back Miss Yoke, and on October 24 he went to the St. Vincent Street house and borrowed a

spade from a neighbor with which to dig a deep hole in the cellar. He said he wanted to bury potatoes. On the morning of the next day he took Alice and Nellie from the Albion Hotel, at which they had been stopping, lying to them about the whereabouts of little Howard, and drove them in a carriage to St. Vincent Street. They entered the house which Holmes had rented, and were there murdered that same day.

When he had wiped out this other detachment of the Pietzel family, he set about accomplishing the destruction of Mrs. Pietzel, Dessa and the baby. He sent them to Ogdensburg, on the excuse that their husband and father was in that vicinity, and then directed them to go to Burlington, Vermont, all the time following with Miss Yoke and registering her at different hotels. He had the audacity at this time to visit his old home at Gilmanton, New Hampshire, and from November 1 to November 16 he resumed his relations with his real wife.

At Burlington Holmes rented a house for Mrs. Pietzel, Dessa and the baby, telling them to await there the coming of the long dead Pietzel. He had purchased a package of dynamite with which to destroy this remnant of the Pietzel family, and after he left the place he sent word to Mrs. Pietzel to remove the package from the garret and take it into the cellar. Her failure to do this saved her own life and the lives of her two remaining children, as was testified to during the trial.

Leaving Burlington, Holmes traveled straight to Boston and went into a hotel to register. He had just inscribed his name on the book at the clerk's desk, when a stalwart detective, attached to the Boston Police Department, placed his hand upon his shoulder and took him into custody. From that moment his doom was sealed on this earth. The foul fiend to whom he had sold himself was ready to take him, and the unfortunate human tools he had worked with were now to be the very ones to bring him to the gallows. He saw his danger and tried to escape it, when he was brought to Philadelphia, by pleading guilty to swindling the insurance company. He expected to be sent to prison for a term and thus drop out of sight. And to the shrewdness and skill of District Attorney George S. Graham and Detective Frank Geyer is the community indebted for preventing this scheme and fetching Holmes to condign punishment.

After a fiercely contested trial, which will be memorable for the latitude allowed the prisoner, he was condemned to death. With his huge pile of blood-reeking money he was enabled to fee lawyers to put in operation every "quirk and trick" known in practice to

save his life. One of the most reprehensible features of his confinement was his being allowed to swindle several newspapers out of large sums of cash by selling them his bogus confessions. Since his execution the Judges have made such a scandal impossible in future, by insisting on a vigorous enforcement of the law of 1834, which positively forbids any communication between the condemned culprit and friends and relatives, except in the presence of the Superintendent or Inspector, and prohibits all letters and writings, except passing through the hands of the same officers, and to be approved thereby.

Never has there been in the annals of crime an equal to this monster murderer, and when on May 7 he was hung, it is true that the whole community breathed more freely. For his power over very many people was certainly most wonderful, and no doubt exists in the minds of those who knew of it, that Chastine Cox, when he murdered that splendid woman, Mrs. Hull, was but the ignorant puppet in the hands of a hideous creature who, by his hypnotic, or, rather, diabolic power, caused him to do as he did. And the prime mover or actor in the deed could not have been moved by any other motive beyond pure deviltry, for Mrs. Hull's body could not be sold to surgeons, and as it was known her wealth was not kept in the house, robbery would amount to so small a sum as to be not worth such a terrible risk.

We reprint the entire detailed history of the awful murder, so the reader may appreciate the flimsy motive that actuated the demon who thus hypnotized the mulatto brute who strangled the unfortunate lady.

THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE DEED

Early on Wednesday, June 11, Nancy Francis, a married colored woman, employed as cook by Mrs. Hull, went to the room occupied by the lady for sleeping, and discovered the dead body. As many apartments are used in New York on the first floor for chambers, even among the aristocratic classes, there was nothing singular

THE HULL HORROR.

in this fact. It was most convenient for Mrs. Hull. On the contrary the chamber used by her husband, the Doctor, was situated at the top of the house. Much comment was made upon the fact at the time of the murder. It is most astonishing how prone people are to seize upon all the bad aspects of a case, instead of the good ones. And how nearly this propensity came to periling Doctor Hull for the commission of the crime will be seen from the following facts. It is enough to make one tremble to think of the web of circumstantial evidence which the police at once wove around the unfortunate and sorrowing husband. People have been hung on evidence not so strong as that which could have been gotten up by the suspicion and ingenuity of the detective officers.

One of the most damaging points was to be the peculiar coincidence of the habit the doctor had of tying the sheets of his own bed over himself, and the fact that the torn sheets of Mrs. Hull's bed were tied around her limbs with just such a knot as the doctor was in the habit of tying. This was true, and it shows evidently that Chastine Cox, the fiendish murderer had studied it purposely. He could easily do this, for, while in the employ of the noble hearted lady he so cruelly butchered, he had the run of the house from top to bottom, bringing up coal, taking down ashes, et cetera. Besides his imitating this knot, there was his selection of a piece of candle to use just exactly like the doctor's, and the same matches. He claimed that the idea of robbing Mrs. Hull came on him all of a sudden, as he was passing the place, and on the impulse he entered the house to do so. In this he *lied*, or had that been so, he would not have had *gum over-shoes on!* A certain degree of sympathy has been aroused by some people on account of this avowment that he was seized with this sudden impulse, that, overcome by it he went to commit the robbery, that while doing so the victim woke up, and that in his terror, at the danger of discovery, he seized her and smothered her.

Instead of that, it is evident now that Cox had studied up his plan before hand, in all its details. And it was his diabolical exactness of imitation of the doctor's methods which caused that unfortunate gentleman to be suspected. When the police saw the work they were convinced, and most unhesitatingly declared, that no one outside the house had committed the bloody deed. They adopted what they called the "Inside Theory," namely, that the murder was perpetrated by some person inside the house, and that the binding of Mrs. Hull's limbs was done after death, being only a ruse adopted by the culprit to make it appear the act of burglars. The burning of the eyebrows was another scientific man's action; for, argued they, no man but a medical man would do such a thing as pass a lighted candle so close to the dead lady's eyes as to burn the brows. This *rara avis*, whoever he was, had evidently read somewhere of the experiment of passing a light close to the eyes of insane

but *living* people, and he at once confounded this with that. The candle-grease that had fallen on the cheek of the corpse was just like that of the husband's candle. Could anything be clearer?

The two facts were suggested to the simples, that not only had the couple lived harmoniously and happily together during the long years of their married life, but, that while Mrs. Hull was such a powerful woman, weighing considerably over two hundred pounds, and having a splendid physique, he was comparatively a slender, light man, and racked with a dreadful cough. But all was useless. To make the chain sure about the man they had settled on for a victim, a lot of his chemical apparatus was seized by them and borne away for examination. This was because Mrs. Hull's gold watch, diamond rings and jewelry could not be found by the plumbers who tore out all the pipes and sinks in the dwelling. And, as somebody in the house had killed the lady, that same somebody had dissolved the watch and jewelry in powerful acids. To add to the cruelty of the mental tortures to which these men subjected the stricken husband, they followed him, in the second carriage, to the funeral.

No man was ever, we ween, subjected to such anguish as Doctor Hull was on this occasion, between the presence of heartless watchers, suspicion in one eye and a search warrant in the other, and the frightful accident which occurred, by which the coffin fell headlong into the grave and was burst open.

Friends who were with him at the time say that the anguish he endured was simply beyond words to describe, during the half hour that passed ere the coffin and its loved inmate could be raised again and properly laid away to rest. He is an old man of nearly seventy, and the hot sun was beating down on him the while. It seemed as though some fiendish fate were relentlessly pursuing

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, this is dreadful! it is dreadful!" he groaned as he stood wringing his hands in a helpless sort of a way

But let us not, in our sympathy for the Doctor, break the thread of our narrative.

FINDING OF THE BODY.

Nancy Francis was sworn before the Coroner and gave the following account of the finding of her late lamented mistress' body.

"I came up at about seven o'clock," said Nancy Francis, "to get money from Mrs. Hull to pay the milkman, and when I came to this door (from the hall to the pantry) I found it closed, and I opened it, so. (Here she

slid the door open.) No, not so far as that. I opened it about as far as that. (Here she slid the door open.) Then I came through the butler's pantry to this door (the one opening into the back parlor.) This was open like that. (Here she put it at an angle of about sixty degrees with the threshold.) I came through and I saw her dress lying over on the lounge yonder and a white piece somewhere around here (pointing toward the sideboard) and her shoes and stockings were lying over there by the mirror. I looked towards the mirror, supposing I should see her standing there, dressing, as she generally was. I didn't see her. 'It's very strange,' I says to myself. 'Not up yet! It's very strange.' Then I came along here to this door (from the back parlor to the bedroom), past this drawer (in the sideboard.) It was partly open like that (pulling it six inches), but that was a general thing, and I didn't think anything of it. It was almost always open. This door was half open, like this (placing the door). I looked in and I saw her lying there partly naked. I stopped still and stood by the door, for I says to myself that I wouldn't go in when the lady was partly naked. I would show more respect to the lady than that. So I stood here outside the door and called 'Mrs. Hull! Mrs. Hull!' No answer. I thought it was very strange, and I called again 'Mrs. Hull! Mrs. Hull!' No answer. Then I was frightened, and I went around to this other door (hurrying, as she spoke, to the door between the butler's pantry and the bedroom, and counterfeiting great agitation in her voice and manner). I took hold of the door and shook it, so (rattling it loudly), and called 'Mrs. Hull! Mrs. Hull!' No answer. Then I ran back and stood here by the bed. I called, 'Mrs. Hull!' No answer. It wasn't very light and I didn't notice the binding. I called again, 'Mrs. Hull!' No answer. I says to myself, 'There's something the matter' and I touched her and she felt queer. I touched her on the shoulder first. Then I looked and she lay over that way with her head over against the wall. Then I touched her again and pulled her sleeve. She seemed cold and I touched her hand. She didn't stir. 'What is the matter?' I says, and I stepped back. She paid no attention, and then I touched her down here. Then I saw her ankles were tied, and I looked around the room. I remember I saw the water pitcher over here (pointing toward the window). Then I thought no more about the milkman at all, and I rushed up stairs, calling out, 'Mrs. Hull is dead! Mrs. Hull is dead!' When I got up to the top floor I saw Mr. Coleman's door was open and he was dressed. The doctor was in his room looking out, and when I got up there he came out. I said, 'Doctor, Mrs. Hull is dead!' I don't know what he said or what he did, but Mr. Coleman touched me and said, 'Stop your noise,' and I remember I put my hands to my head and I don't remember anything more."

In the basement Nancy Francis explained to the jury particularly an

very clearly the secure manner in which the front and back doors are kept fastened and were fastened on the night of the murder. She also showed how the door leading to her sleeping room was always kept open for air, and how she could hear even an ordinary conversation going on up stairs, provided the parlor doors were open. Her door, she said, was open on the night of the murder and she heard nothing during the night. Then she showed Dr. Hull's inner and outer offices and his laboratory, into which the servants were never admitted, and the closets off the kitchen.

Q. Did you sleep well that night? A. That night I slept so well—better than I ever did; I don't know what possessed me; I heard nothing that night; the first thing I heard after I got out of my bed was the wagons; I got up about four o'clock that morning; I noticed nothing unusual. I found the basement door just in the same condition as I left it; it was as much as half-past four when I went to the front door with my ash barrel, the chambermaid came into the basement about five o'clock; she had her clothes ripped; she said to me, "Mrs. Hull is up;" I said, "Mrs. Hull has not been up; I never believe Mrs. Hull has been up; no, she has not been up;" Nellie said the front door was open; I said, "How could Mrs. Hull have been up and I not heard her?" Nellie said, "The front door has been open and nobody else has been up before her;" I said, "It is very funny to me if she has left the door open;" I said, "Was the chain across the door?" "No," she said, "Mrs. Hull tells us not to chain the door because the men came in sometimes;" I said, "Then we'll let it rest that way; well, then I went on doing my business until seven o'clock came. Witness here described the discovery of the murder, as related by her to the jury yesterday and published in the *Herald*.

By Mr. Rollins—Did the Doctor get down ahead of you? A. yes; he said, "My wife is murdered; she is dead."

Q. Who was there beside him? A. Mr. Coleman and the chambermaid.

Q. Mr. Coleman was pretty nearly dressed? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How soon after you were in the room did you see Mr. Coleman? A. It is that which gets me; the Doctor got down ahead of me.

Q. Did you have a rule to go to bed at ten o'clock? A. Mrs. Hull would not allow us to sit up after ten o'clock.

Q. Did Nellie go to bed before you did? A. She would go about ten o'clock.

Q. On the Sunday night before this were you out after ten o'clock? A. Yes, sir; I was waiting for the chambermaid; she came in about half-past ten o'clock.

Q. Did anybody come home with Nellie? A. Yes, she said it was Mr. Dubois, a colored man.

Q. Is he a colored man? A. I know his wife; she is a colored woman and he should be colored too. (Laughter.)

Q. Have you been out in the evening since you have been at Mrs. Hull's? A. Twice; I was told to be very particular and not to go out at nights when I came North, and that was the reason I have never done it. I was married seven years ago if I live till the 13th of September; I was married in the house where I live now; if I had my certificate, here I would let you all read it. (Laughter.)

Q. How long have you lived with your husband.

A. All the time until two years ago, when he got into a scrape; I was then living at Mount Kisco; he got into trouble with a man named Brewer. no, he was not a colored man, he was one of the white loafers—(laughter)—when he got into trouble he jumped into Connecticut, like all the rest of the scallawags do—(more laughter)—my husband has met me at No. 11 West Twelfth street; I was living there then. I went to get a place for both of us; I went to Forty-eighth street (No. 15), near Madison avenue; we both were there three weeks; I went from there to No. 135 West Forty-third street, Mr. J. Forbes'; I left there and went to Mr. Hammond's; I think it was at No. 221 West Forty-third street; my husband did not go with me there; I stayed there two months, till we went into the country; my month was up on the fifth day of April, my next place was at Mrs. Hull's; the last time I saw my husband was on the 5th of March; I have never seen him since; I don't know whether he is dead or alive; I paid \$1,250 for my cottage—\$750 in cash, and I had a mortgage for the \$500; that is seven or eight years ago; I have not been able to pay anything on the mortgage.

Q. You said you heard the Doctor coming down stairs that night?

A. No, sir, I did not, say so.

Mr. Rollins—Didn't you? I thought you did.

Witness—No, sir, I never did.

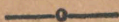
Q. Did you see what part of Mrs. Hull's body was exposed that moment when you first went into the room? A. From the bosom downward. (The witness put her hands to her breasts and said, "from there downward.")

Q. Was that the reason you did not go in? A. Yes, sir; I didn't want to expose the lady, so when I did walk in, I picked up something and threw it across her to hide her nakedness.

The rest of the servants corroborated Nancy Francis in every important particular. As we have seen, there was afterwards constant and most humiliating surveillance kept upon Doctor Hull, until a really shrewd detective came across the clue concerning the right murderer, Chastine Cox. To deal justly it is but fair to state the fact, that this was the work of the police, and the other fact, that the quick-sighted Boston reporter

Mr. Balch happened to recognize the culprit walking along the street, while it is highly creditable to that gentleman, should not deduct from the actual credit due the New York detective who had sent the description of the man to Boston. And there can be no doubt whatever, that Chastine Cox would not have been able to walk the streets three hours longer, before being taken by the officers on his track.

However, as it is our object to give the history of the great crime itself, and not the squabble as to who should or should not have the credit of the arrest, we drop all that matter, feeling satisfied that the villain was taken ere he could have escaped, and thereby placed Doctor Hull in a most terrible predicament.



THE CAPTURE.

The first person after Doctor Hull, who had been suspected of the bloody deed, was the husband of Nancy Francis. He was known to be a desperate, bad kind of a man, and his whereabouts became a matter of importance. But he could not be found. No doubt he soon would have been taken, had not Cox been arrested when he was. That event, of course takes away all interest from Francis. Of the thousands of circulars describing Mrs. Hull's watch and jewelry, some had been sent to the pawnbrokers of Boston. Chief Adams' officers in their search entered the office of a pawn broker there and found the Cameo set at Mrs. Sternberg's. The watch was still missing. The hunt was now becoming warm, and that night the following despatch was telegraphed to Chief Walling:

"We have got the negro; watch and ring found in his possession; he confesses all; his name is Chastine Cox."

SIMON G. ADAMS,

Chief of Police, Boston.

The capture was effected as follows: Mr Balch, a reporter on the *Boston Herald*, having supplied himself with a description of the murderer, began to walk about in localities where he thought such a fellow might naturally resort. While walking up Shawmut Avenue, he came suddenly across a tall, good looking negro, who bore a striking resemblance to the man who was wanted in New York. The more the man's face and form were studied the more striking the resemblance grew. The amateur detective passed and repassed him, took a front and profile view, examined his form and figure and determined to find out whether he was the right man or not. The presence of another man on the scene

helped the matter along, and a closer examination showed a very striking resemblance to the man missing from New York, and whose description Officer Wood had given. The collar was not turned down, the coat was not bound with braid, the trousers were worn at the knee; then there was a white vest and a white yachting cap. But against these points of difference there were several points of very remarkable resemblance. First among these was the color, a bronze red—a color which, when once seen, cannot easily be forgotten. The lips were prominent, the mustache was heavy and black, the cheek bones were high, rather suggesting of Indian physiognomy; low cut shoes, a swinging gait in walking, a cutaway blue coat, white shirt, with stripes of blue, and other marks of identity which were very pronounced. All these points of resemblance were very noticeable and impressed the reporter with the belief and conviction that he had the right man. The first question Mr. Balch asked was, "What is the way to Monmouth street?" He said he was a stranger and did not know.

This strengthened the suspicion already existing, and after seeing the man walk up Shawmut avenue, the reporter made a pretense of going in the other direction. After half a block had been walked in that direction, however, he turned around and followed the suspected negro, keeping on the other side of the street. Cox and his companion were evidently quite happy, for they kept laughing heartily and seemed to be immensely amused at something. West Concord street was reached and the two turned off from Tremont street to the left. Mr. Balch also crossed over and kept a close watch on the parties without allowing them to suspect he was doing so.

The Ebenezer Baptist Church was reached, and this the negro and his companion entered. Here were a large congregation of colored people, listening to a discourse on the "Horrors of Hell," by a divine from Texas. While he was listening to the sermon the reporter left for the purpose of securing the arrest. A hasty run to Willow Park street, a hurried narrative of the events and circumstances of the evening, when Superintendent Adams said he would go himself and make the arrest; but on reflection he said, "I will telephone to Station Five and have an officer come up." The self appointed detective hurried back to Concord street, but found no policeman. A small boy was engaged for fifty cents to carry a message and the following was sent to Detective Wood:—

"DEAR JIM—Come up at once, corner of Concord street and Shawmut avenue. Think I have your man."

Off went the boy promptly and then there was a delay, a painful suspense. The church was visited again to see that the bird had not flown. Here was found an officer from Division Five, with a squad of police. The case was presented to the commanding officer and he seemed to un-

derstand it perfectly. The suspected man was still listening to the thundering tones of the preacher, who spoke of hell with all its sufferings and all its torments, and called attention to the eternity of suffering therein. The preacher, like the negro they were looking for, was a negro. Detective Wood was waiting down stairs. He was told all the facts of the case and the circumstances attending it, and he quickly passed up stairs to obtain a look at the suspected man.

"Well, he looks enough like the man to be him," said Wood.

The man came out in a few minutes and was seized. Wood quietly passed his arm in that of his prisoner and both walked down to the station, the newly arrested negro offering no resistance. The party was soon increased by the Division Five squad and, together, all the interested parties were brought to the station house. They reached it at ten o'clock. On the way down Detective Wood plied the negro with questions, aiming at a possible clew to the murder of Mrs. Hull.

The negro said but little. He said he was a stranger; admitted that he was a resident of New York; that he had been only a few days in Boston. He denied that his name was Francis or Williams, or that he ever worked for Mrs. Hull or anybody connected with the affair: said he knew nothing of the murder whatever. When he got in front of the desk in Station Five, the lieutenant in charge questioned him and he was as cool as could be imagined.

He was submitted to the usual search and the contents of his pockets were laid upon the table very promptly. The first article examined was the watch. It was a lady's gold watch, and he said that he had bought it of a friend. It was opened and at either side pasted in the corner was found a little chromo, covering about half the circumference of the cover.

"How long have these been there?" the detective asked.

"Ever since I got the watch," was the reply.

This was passed by for the time and other articles were examined. A letter from his mother dropped out of a pocket book. It was dated Richmond, Va., and was written in a feeble hand. It began, "My Darling Boy." There was a policy receipt on a life insurance in a New York company and a schedule of its premiums. Various other papers also fell out. There was a five-barrelled revolver, which Cox said was loaded only with blank cartridges. The memorandum book was next examined, and here was found the entry, "141" and others, which were seen by the pawnbroker when Cox as William Francis entered the pawn shop. The watch was next handed over for inspection. It bore the following inscription:—"Henry Beguelin, Maker, Locle; No. 59,857." Wood drew out the card issued by Superintendent Walling. He compared the inscription on the watch with that on the ticket and exclaimed, "It is the watch." The number was exact. The proof was now conclusive. Chastine Cox

was the murderer of Mrs. Hull. The little chromo (a dog's face) that covered the case at the back, was torn off, while all the spectators stood around in breathless anxiety. The casemaker's name only was read. A still further examination found another chromo, and when that was torn off the officer read aloud the following inscription: "Mrs. de F. H., Christmas, 1878." Every eye was turned to Cox, who stood there without the slightest evidence of weakness or trepidation. His face was as calm as a summer lake, and yet he stood convicted of one of the darkest crimes ever committed.

Detective Wood looked him squarely in the face and said, "Where is the rest of Mrs. Hull's jewelry?" "I don't know anything about Mrs. Hull's jewelry," Cox replied, without the slightest emotion. "Don't you?" "No."

With this denial on his lips, Cox with the detectives, the officers and the newspaper men, went into the private room of the station.

"Now," said Detective Wood, "tell us where the rest of Mrs. Hull's jewelry is."

Cox was silent a moment. He seemed to be lost in thought, and did not appear to be determined as to the best course to pursue. At last he spoke, and for the first time there was a tremor in his voice. A consciousness that he was at last brought to bay crept over him and he weakened. A tear stole down his cheek.

"Well, will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly," said the detective; "anything I can do for you I'll do."

"Well, I want my things sent for. I don't want my mother to know anything bad has happened to me. It will kill her."



BACK TO NEW YORK.

In response to Chief Adams' telegram Captain Williams went immediately from New York to Boston to bring the prisoner back for trial. The moment he saw him he recognized him as a resident of his own precinct, having known him by sight for several years.

After speaking with the prisoner the Captain was shown the jewelry that had been recovered. This was delivered to him at once, and he gave a receipt for it, signed "A. S. Williams, Municipal Police, New York." The Boston chief then asked him if he wanted to take anybody

to New York with him, and he said he would take the pawnbroker, and Officers Wood, Harding and Leggett, of the Boston police, "so as to be able to make out a case," he explained, and the officers were immediately ordered to get ready. It had been expected that the return trip would be made on a train leaving Boston at nine P. M., but Captain Williams asked if he could not leave sooner. When he found that he could leave by the Fall River route at half-past four o'clock he said, "We'll go that way. I shan't be easy till we start. If I stay here five hours some lawyer will be getting out a writ or something of the kind, and I may have trouble in getting the prisoner away. Or he may change his mind about going, and put us to the trouble of getting a requisition."

Cox, however, proved docile, and in fifty minutes from Williams' arrival he was on the train, moving out of Boston for Fall River. When the prisoner came out of his cell he was handcuffed to Schmittberger, and from that moment till he was entered on the books of the Twenty-ninth precinct in New York he was not free a moment.

A crowd of people had gathered outside the Boston Headquarters to see the negro taken away, and when Cox saw them he trembled, and grew ghastly in color. He had talked unconcernedly, to all appearance, of the probability of his being hanged, but when he saw the crowd he was thoroughly frightened. With Schmittberger manacled to his left wrist and Captain Williams grasping his right arm he was hurried into the carriage in waiting and driven to the depot. Here, as at the police office, he was thoroughly alarmed at the appearance of the crowd, and clung to Captain Williams like a frightened child. The gathering was so dense that a detachment of police was needed to open a way from the carriage to the cars. The people shouted and cursed the murderer heartily, and no one realized better than he did that if he had been left to the mercies of the mob for five minutes the gallows would have been cheated. A compartment in a drawing room car had been secured, and in that the party went to Fall River, where they took the Fall River steamer Bristol. Here staterooms had been reserved, the bridal chamber, or stateroom Q, having been allotted to the prisoner and his two guardians. The stateroom is large and handsomely finished.

The steamer was due at seven A. M. at pier 28 North River, but owing to a heavy fog was detained nearly two hours, making her landing at ten minutes to nine. As she came into the dock a great crowd assembled suddenly. Very few persons had been noticed waiting, but as the gang plank was made ready it required strong effort on the part of four policemen to clear the way to the carriage that Sergeant Keating was in waiting since six o'clock. All sorts of people were in the crowd, and as the prisoner and his two keepers came rapidly down the plank—the first persons to leave the boat—the crowd fought to get a glimpse of his face

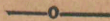
He seemed almost helpless and leaned heavily on the Captain, again frightened at the crowd. One man shouted, "Lynch him!" and for a moment it looked as though an attempt to do so might be made. An elderly, well-dressed, portly gentleman, who looked as though he might be the treasurer of a savings bank, elbowed his way to the carriage door as the horses sprang through the gateway of the pier, and fairly danced as he shouted with glee, "That's him! They've got him!"

In the carriage were the three who had come together from Boston and Sergeant Keating. They were driven to the Twenty-ninth precinct station and the Sergeant at the desk put the usual questions.

After a pause he made the required answers and was then led away to his cell, where he was visited by Chief Walling, District Attorney Phelps and John D. Townsend, Esq., the last named being the legal adviser of Dr. Hull.

He at once became the lion of the hour. Many hundreds of requests poured in from people who had a morbid curiosity to see the notorious wretch. The question was asked all over, who would defend him at his trial? He had no money. But counsel was forthcoming in the person of the renowned criminal lawyer, Howe, who doubtless undertook the case as a combination pity-advertising affair. He was assisted by Lawyer Hummel. And such is the ability of these legal lights that doubtless Cox himself, though confessing he really did the deed of blood, began to think after all that he was not guilty.

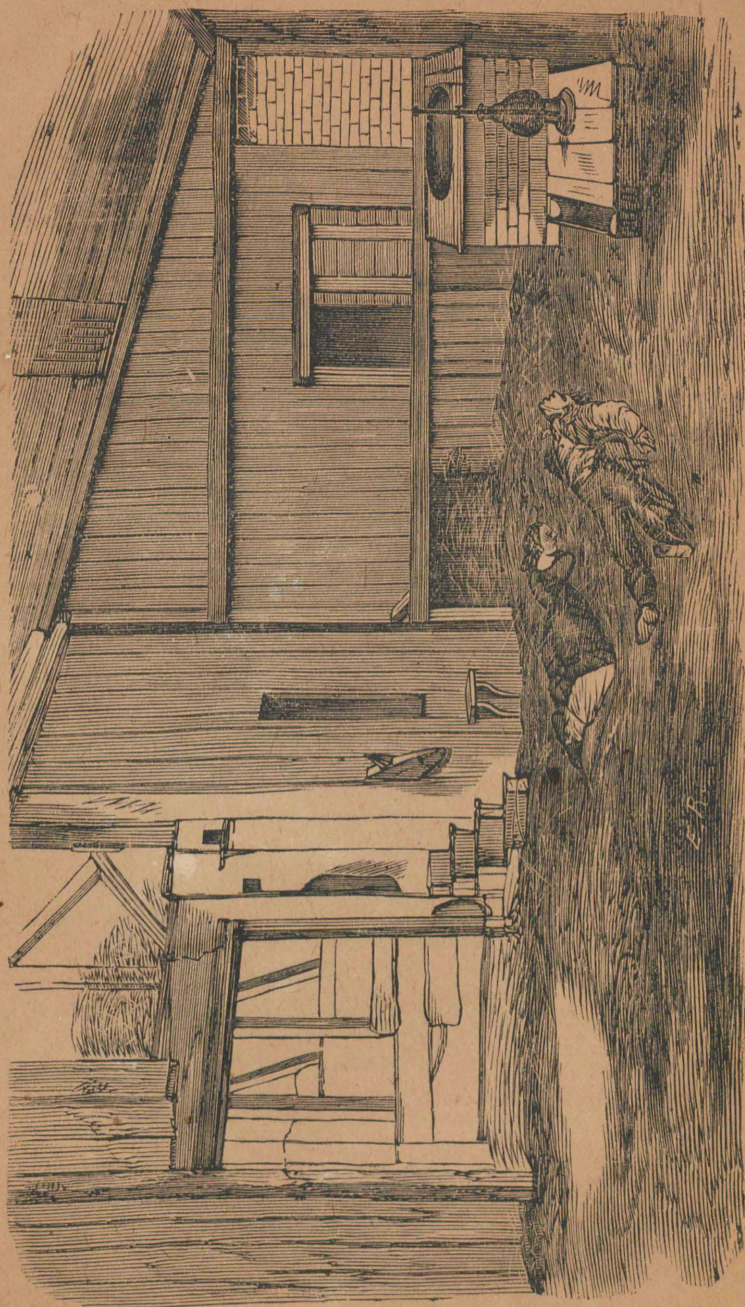
"Ah," smiled an officer, "the nigger has two pretty big H's around him; but there's a bigger one than both that he'll have to take, and that'll be the H that begins the word hang. We've got the dead wood on him."



THE REAL CONFESSION.

My name is Chastine Cox. I am nearly thirty-three years old, and I was born on a plantation down in old Virginia, in Powhatan County. My father's name was Madison, and he was a slave. My mother was also a slave, but she had a lot of Indian blood in her, and I expect that's where I get my red color. Both my parents were raised by Colonel John White. Besides me my mother had ten boys. One little gal died, and that was the best thing she could do. I tell you, folks, slavery is a bad thing for any human beings; makes them wild and bad inclined.

When the war broke out I was captured, or rather I made my way



into the Union lines, and I enlisted in that army in order to fight against slavery.

In 1864 the Rebs got me again at King and Queen Court House, and I was sent to Libby Prison as a runaway slave.

From there I was drafted off to go and work in the Chesterfield coal mines, where I had to attend to the boxes. But that did not last long. They thought I would be of more use in another place, and so they sent me to the hospital at Huguenot Springs. And there I stayed till the surrender of General Lee to General Grant.

I had got so used to army work by that time that when I reached Manchester I enlisted again in the Union army, in the regulars. But I did not like them fellows, and I give them the French and left.

I did not cheat Uncle Sam though, for I went right off and joined D Company, Twelfth Infantry, under General Miles. We had charge of Jeff Davis at Fortress Monroe.

From there I went to Washington and enlisted in the Fortieth Infantry and stayed three years. We were sent round most everywhere, the principal ones being Charleston, Newbern, Goldsboro, Castle Pinckney and Fort Sumter.

My time at last expired, and I felt as though I had had enough of soldiering. I was then at Fort Jackson, below New Orleans, and from there I went to Charleston, where I was employed in the house of Mr. Frank Rogers, who was a cotton merchant. My duties were mixed; sometimes I would be cook and sometimes coachman.

Six months or so went round and then I tired of that, and, thinking I would like to go home, I did so to Richmond, where my mother lived. My brother John was living with her. I found that he had bought an interest in a coal mine where I used to work in Chesterfield. So we all went to live there. But I did not like it, and preferred doing something else, and taking a notion to go to the Springs again I left and got a waiter's place there. There I had a little trouble with the man ahead of me, and I left that for the White Sulphur Springs, and got employment there.

I had to work a good deal out in the sun there and it made my head quite bad. In 1873 I gave it up and went back to Richmond, where I had no difficulty in getting a situation as waiter in the Spottswood Hotel, where I stopped till it was burned down.

Next place I went was New York—that was in 1874—and I wish to the lord I had never set foot in it, for it's agoing to be the hanging of me and the breaking of my poor old innocent mother's heart. The worst thing a man can do is to break his mother's heart, when she is a good, kind, loving mother to him.

Here I got a room at Mrs. Price's, in Thompson street. I soon got a place at Mr. Sheer's and got four dollars a week there. From there I

went to live with two old maiden ladies in Thirtieth street, but they bounced me for something or other, and I went back to Sheer's for two or three months.

Next I went to Madame Mechio, who kept a millinery establishment on West Twenty-ninth street. Didn't like her, and went a month to Mrs. Hathaway. Did not like her much better and went to Mr. Dean, the Wall street broker.

But I did not stay there, and went to first one and then another situation till I settled down in the McKune House at 233 West Forty-second street. This was right opposite Mrs. Hull's house.

I staid with them more than two years, going with them whenever they went away. I had to take care of Mr. McKune who was crazy. He went and died, though, at last, and threw me out of a situation, and I went to Mr. Frank Palmer, who is president of the Broadway Bank. My place there was cook. One of the girls there got sweet with me and made a bother like about it and so I had to leave.

The next trip I took was at the Insane Asylum of Doctor Mann, up at Tenth Avenue near the Bouvarde. There I had to look after the horses and take the patients out to ride every day.

While there a lady inmate got to thinking a great deal of me, her name was Mrs. Woodruff and she got me to bring her in porter and little things. That did not agree with her and she got so rough on the doctors that they sent her away, and told me the best thing I could do was to go get employed by her. I took their advice and did so. She lived on Thirty-fourth street. While there, some trouble occurred about a girl employed in the house and a gentleman who visited there. I took the girl's part and for doing so I got bounced out of my situation.

Having some little money by me I went and took lodgings at Mrs. Robinson's, a colored lady. She kept boarders, and while there I got into laying carpets and such work.

One day I took a notion to go and see if Mrs. Hull would not like to employ me. I had remembered her very well from the time I had lived with the McKunes, opposite.

Nigh on to three months ago she gave me work. My duty was to carry coal and water, and ashes up and down from the boarder's rooms. I did not live in the house at all but used to go there at regular times. My wages was two dollars a week for that.

On the night I killed her I put a pair of gum overshoes in my pocket and when I got to the house I slipped them on, and, running up the stoop, put the keys I had with me in the lock of the front door. But they wouldn't do. I had gone there with the intention of robbing her, for I often noticed what a splendid lot of jewelry she always had. I did not intend to kill her; if I had I could have easily have taken a knife with

me and stabbed her.

The Doctor used to carry candles at night, and so I had just picked up an old half-used one a day or two before and put it in my pocket, and the matches I happened to have taken off his mantelpiece.

When I found the keys would not turn the lock then I was at a loss, and was just in the act of turning to go away, when I noticed that the window alongside of the door was up a little. One moment was enough to decide what I would do. Looking up and down the street I saw nobody around, and then quickly pushing up the sash I slipped into the front room, the parlor. Once in I turned and shut down the sash and fastened it. If Mrs. Hull had only done that!

The room was terrible dark, but I was careful in groping around and did not make a sound, except my own breathing. Presently I felt the door that led into the dining room. Opening this very softly I heard Mrs. Hull snoring in her sleep. But just at this instant my knuckles locked accidentally against the door, and she right away stopped snoring, and I slipped out into the hallway and held my breath.

Soon as I heard her snore again I felt safe, and I went back into the dining room and lit a match. I changed my mind about lighting the candle, and thought it better just to burn the match, and while it was lighted to look around the room and see where things laid and then grope for them when it was dark. Then I turned the light slowly into the chamber and saw Mrs. Hull lying on her back with a sheet spread over her. The shine of the match-light seemed to half waken her and she turned a little. I knew if she got up off that bed and got hold of me I wouldn't have any chance at all, for she was a very powerful woman, and as brave as a lion. She did not fear anything. So, in an instant, the devil took possession of me, and blowing out the match I bounded into the room.

It was a very small room, the bedstead almost filling it. At the same instant she fully roused and said:

"Who's that?"

I was bending over her then and I answered:

"The doctor!" trying to imitate his voice.

With that she put her hand up to feel him and it came against my head and face. And like lightning I felt her start, and just as quick I slipped my hand down upon her mouth and held her as tight as I could to stop her from giving a scream. But she struggled hard, and slipping her leg out of bed she got one foot on the floor. Stooping down I grabbed this leg, and putting out all my strength I shoved her back in the bed. My hand was slipping off her mouth, and so grabbing at the bed clothes I pushed them over her face and held them down with both hands. Just before I got them on her face she got out a faint kind of a scream.

Being desperate then I jumped on the bed on her, one knee on one

side and the other on the other. What I wanted to do was to hold the things over her face with my hands, and hold her arms down with my knees."

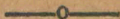
[It is perfectly evident that the brute straddled himself across the body of the poor lady, sat himself violently down on her stomach and then pressed his knees powerfully down into her bosom so as to completely crush the breath out of her, meanwhile holding her head down tight in the bolster with the bed clothes.]

"All of a sudden she stopped strangling and I thought she had fainted. Then I waited and listened, but no one had been alarmed by the noise, and so I lit the candle and began to gather up the watch and jewelry. I thought I'd find a lot of ready money in the trunk, but I did not. Then it occurred to me that I ought to tie her more. I had already tied her hands. And so I tied her ankles, pulling them apart and fastening each one to the opposite bed corner, with the sheet I tore up. Then somehow I got scared, for she looked so dead, and I grabbed a cologne bottle off the shelf and threw it in her face and held it to her nose. Then I took the pitcher of water and dashed it in her face and breast. But she did not come to. Then I got desperate again for I wanted to keep on searching. So I tied the skirt, or whatever it was I grabbed up, tight round her head and face so she could not scream out if she did revive. I had, before doing this, passed the lighted candle before her face to see if she showed any signs of coming to. It was then that the cologne took fire and burned her.

Just as I commenced to search in the trunks again, I heard some one up stairs moving about or coming down. So then I blew out my candle and cut for the front door as hard as I could go. I opened it easily, but did not want to shut it, too, as that would make a noise and alarm some one outside maybe, for I knew the beats of three or four policemen came together in that neighborhood. So I just pulled it half to and walked carelessly away, and passed two officers within a block from the house.

On the following Thursday I went off to Boston. In the cars, on the streets, and everywhere I heard the newsboys calling out their papers about the murder, and it made me feel very strange. I would have given a good deal to be able to bring the lady back to life. In Boston I stayed till Monday and then I went back to New York to get my things, and returned to Boston on Thursday night. I floated around, amusing myself for several days. Sunday I went to the Twelfth Baptist Church and listened to some splendid preaching. That's a mighty powerful preacher there. I went to church again on Monday, June 23d, and when I came out of there I was made prisoner and brought here to New York. And here I am. People used to tell my mother I'd never die in my bed, for I

was always into some mischief or other. But I wish to say it again that I never really intended to take the life of that lady, Mrs. Hull. It was the devil put me up to it. And now I must pay the penalty of my wickedness.



COX'S PAST LIFE.

The most singular part of all the culprit's history is the universally good character all those gave him who have ever employed him. In the army he was noted for his fearlessness and gallantry. In civil life all he was ever with speak well of him as to their intercourse with him. But he evidently existed under 'a mask. Though 'living correctly while directly in contact with these people, still it will be noticed how frequently he left his situations. He evidently has the animal part of his nature hugely developed, and to a certain extent the intellectual, but the moral is unbalanced. His peculiar failing was a fondness for the women. And to gratify this desire he would evidently lie and deceive without limit. This is proved by his palming off Bella Johnson, a girl with whom he took up, as his wife, in a highly respectable house where he got employment. It was to this girl he gave Mrs. Hull's jewelry. His wife lives in Richmond. But his truly evil nature has been unmasked at last sorrowfully enough for the noble-hearted vi tim who had given him employment to help him along.

Mrs. Robinson, a handsome mulatto at whose house Cox had lodgings spoke of her knowledge as follows:

He had come to her because he was dissatisfied with the way in which his room was kept by his former landlady and he had been recommended to her by people who knew her. He was employed at the time he came by a family on Fifth avenue. She did not remember the number of the house, but she knew that the people liked him, because after he left the place she knew that they sent for him to come back. He took the front room in his apartments, looking out on Seventh avenue, but after a time "that lady" (and the landlady pointed to another occupant of the room who was ironing) came, and he gave up his room to her, taking a smaller one. He always paid his bills when he was at work, and, although there was a trifling balance due when he came from Boston last week, he paid it in full before leaving his two small trunks away. He left nothing behind him, and she did not know where he had taken the trunks.

She thought that perhaps when he got settled he would send her a card and perhaps he would not. As she said this she smiled with happy indifference. His right name, she said, was Chastine Cox, as she knew by the address on the letters which came from his mother in Richmond, Va., occasionally. She had asked him why he went by the name of John, and he told her that his name was too hard for the people he worked with, and they called him John for short. He was always polite and his behavior was always perfect; if he was fast or dissipated she did not know it, as she knew nothing of his life outside of her house. When he was employed he took his meals away, but when he was out of work he boarded with her. He had many friends and was a prominent member of the Abyssinian Church in Waverly place. She knew this because they talked frequently on church matters, she being a Methodist and he a Baptist. His pastor, "Pap" Spellman, as he was called on account of his venerable appearance, used to speak more than kindly to him, calling him "My child" and "My son." A short time after he left his place on Fifth avenue he obtained another as cook in the house of Dr. Rich. After leaving this place he said that he had work in cleaning out furnaces and doing odd jobs. He never had very much money, but was always light-hearted and even jovial in his disposition. He was fond of playing tricks upon other people in the house. Mrs. Robinson said that Cox was very steady in his habits, although he frequently staid out all night. He had a night key, but the hall door is locked at eleven o'clock, and unless he could rouse some one in the house he would have to lodge elsewhere after that hour. When he was away thus one night he explained his absence the next morning by saying that he lodged with a friend down town. She had never heard him speak of any woman, but he had said that he was a widower, his wife having died while he was in the South.

These incidents shows that Cox was continually sailing under false colors.

His real, lawful wife, as we have said, lives in Richmond, Virginia, and a reporter who called on her immediately after his arrest thus refers to her:

The wife of the murderer was found at the residence of General Moore, where she rents a room and works as a washerwoman. She is short, fat and black, and weighs in the neighborhood of two hundred ponnds. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow. In her left hand was an umbrella of antique pattern. It was not opened, though some rain was falling. Her look was jaunty, her step a cheerful one. There was as much contrast between the mother and wife as there is between midnight and noon.

"Are you Mrs. Cox?" the reporter asked.

"I goes fur it, tho' it's a mity poor Mrs. Cox I is," she answered.

"Then you can tell me all about Chestine Cox?"

"Yes, I can tell you all about him; he's a bad man."

"You were lawfully married to him?"

"Lor! that I was. John Jasper, he married us; got license from de Court. You know when the Spotswood burn down? Well, 'twas the Thursday after that."

Mrs. Cox went on to say that when Cox won her affections he was employed at the Spotswood Hotel. A long life of happiness and plenteous rations seemed their prospect; but with the destruction of the hotel Chastine's occupation in Richmond was gone. He remained about here some time; then they both went to New York. There the husband behaved badly. Finally he repudiated his wife entirely, said he had been living with her "jess so," and was bound to her by no legal ties. That was more than she could stand. She got aboard a steamer, came to Richmond, procured the necessary proofs of marriage, returned to New York and had Cox arrested. The Judge reprimanded and discharged him; but still Cox was unruly, and the result was they separated.

"He left you, did he?"

"No, he didn't either; I left him."

Mrs. Cox, who is a fluent talker, proceeded to state who she was. She said, "I'm blooded, I am. I'm from the very best stock. Lawyer Charles L. Mosby, he knowed all about me."

"Well, you are not going to grieve much about Cox?"

"No; I'm sorry to say, though he's my husband, the devil must have his due."

"Had you and Cox any children?"

"No."

"Cox is said to have a wife in New York."

"I don't keer of he's got a dozen. I want none of him."

HIS MOTHER.

The same gentleman gives the following account of the murderer's mother. Everybody pities the poor old creature.

Chastine Cox's mother is employed as a cook by Mr. John L. Wise, and she is a woman of the highest-respectability. She was found to be a servant of ante-bellum times, who respects the white people, and con-

verses with remarkable intelligence. She was attired in a clean calico, and with a white cloth bound around her head. She is tall and spare, and of fairly light color. She had heard of her son's trouble. A friend had taken her a paper and read all about the arrest. Her grief was great indeed; but, until the next morning, she hoped there might be some mistake, or that, if guilty, there might be some chance for his life. Her son's description was read to her, as it was printed in a Boston paper, and she was asked if that was correct.

She replied, "Yes, all except the mustache; he did not have that when I last saw him. I wanted to see him once more."

"When did you last see him?"

"Well, I reckon it has been about eight years."

"Did you write the letter commencing 'My dear, darling boy?'"

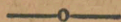
"Yes, sir: I wrote to him last week and told him to come on here as I wanted to see him once more before I died."

The mother put her apron to her face and burst into tears. Then she went on to say Chastine answered the letter and promised to come on Sunday.

"Was your son ever in trouble before?"

"No, sir," she replied, "I never heard of anything before. He has always been at work as a butler. He lived with Dr. Bryant (now of Church Hill) eleven years."

The old woman was so much distressed that no further questions were asked, and she arose from her seat and went back to the kitchen to struggle with the great grief her son has imposed upon her.

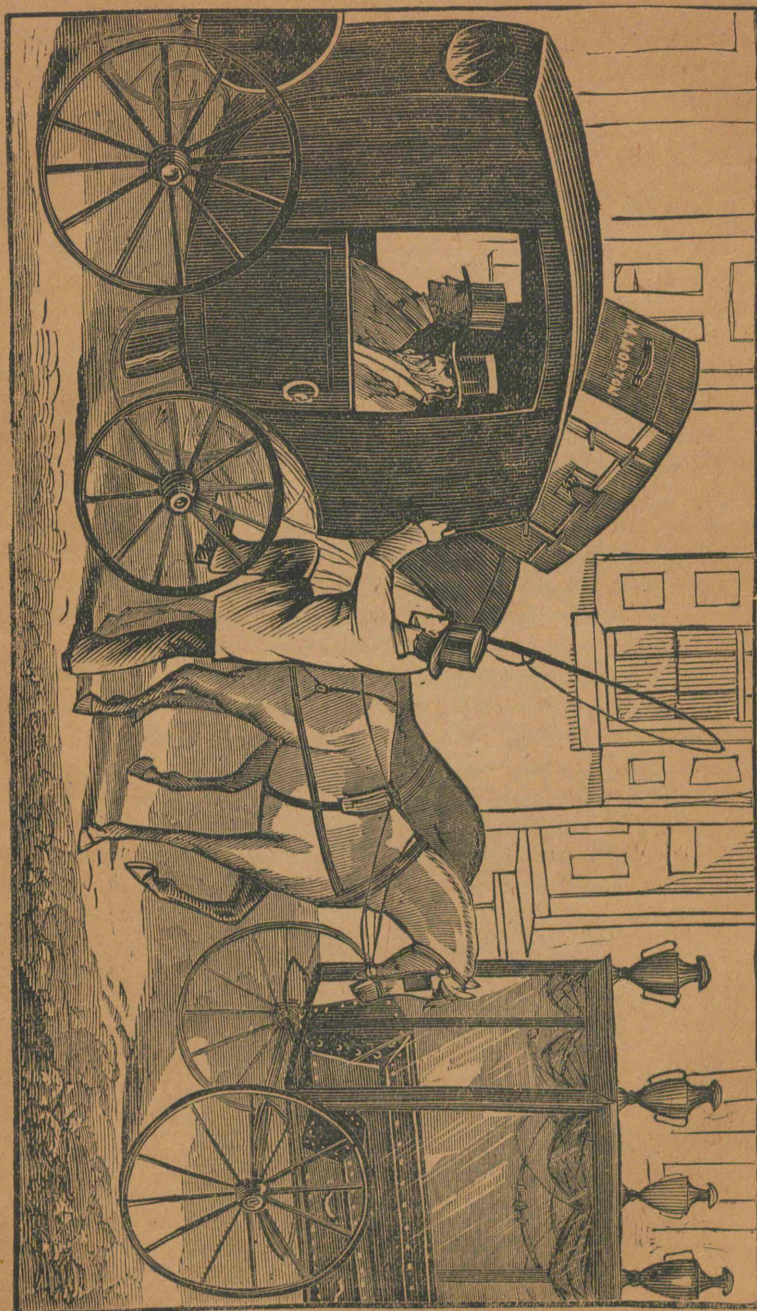


BELLA JOHNSON

This was the girl to whom Cox gave part of Mrs. Hull's jewelry. When brought to Court she gave the following account of her intercourse with the culprit.

She is a good looking mulatto, stout and of middle height, and about twenty years of age. She has pretty hands and feet, handsome teeth, keen eyes and a demure expression. She was plainly dressed, and wore a clean white apron, with the edges of which she constantly toyed while under the fire of Mr. Rollins' examination. Her story ran as follows:—

"I first met Cox, whose first name I supposed was John, some time last winter. I was stopping a house kept by Annie Davis, on Seventh ave



nue. There were other women in the house. Cox used to visit one of them before he knew me. I knew nothing bad of him and never supposed he could do anything like this. I went from there to Brooklyn, and afterward lived with Annie Davis in a new place in Forty-second street. Cox used to visit me there, also. He procured work in the house of Dr. Rich, No. 12 West Twenty-second street, cooking for the family and taking care of the Doctor's office. He secured a situation for me there, and we remained in the house about four weeks. He left before I did. I never heard of his stealing anything there. I left soon after he did, and went to live at No. 126 Bleecker street. I was there about one month before they arrested me. Cox came to see me some days before the murder, dressed in working clothes and carrying a satchel and a carpet stretcher.

I don't remember dates very well, but the next time I saw him was, I think, on the evening of the 11th, when he was better dressed than usual. I remember that he wore a white straw hat. He had a large antique ring on one of his fingers, and carried in his pockets two watches, a gold one and a silver one, and a pair of diamond earrings. I never saw the silver one afterwards. The gold watch was inscribed, but although I can read I did not make out the initials. He had also two stone rings and a topaz necklace. He went to my room with me, where he showed me the necklace and said he would make me a present of it. I wore it until the officer took it from me this morning. He also gave me the two rings. I do not remember whether he told me so the next morning or the next time I saw him after that, but he left the impression upon my mind that he was going to Boston. When I next saw him he came to the house on Bleecker street, wearing a white sailor's cap. (The woman could not recollect what day that was, but it must have been on the 17th or 18.) On Wednesday, the 18th inst., he came in the evening. He had a friend with him, who remained that night, but Cox went away. I did not hear the name of his friend. He was copper colored, tall and slender, and told me he was an engineer. He seemed to be very friendly toward Cox, but nothing was said about the jewelry in his presence. He saw the topaz necklace that I wore, but asked me no questions.

Next morning early Cox came to the house and I went out to breakfast, leaving the two men together. The engineer went away, and when I returned Cox told me to pawn the diamond ring, which he took from his finger. It had five stones in it that were set something in the shape of a cross. Cox told me to get \$25 or \$30 on it and I gave it to an old woman named Briggs, who lives in Thompson street, and who pawned it for me. I gave her name to the police, but did not know the number of the street where she lived. I suppose that the stones were diamonds because I knew it would be impossible to raise so much money on them

if they were not. Cox told me that he got this jewelry from a pawnbroker on Eighth avenue. I am not sure that I believed him, but I didn't think much about it. I did not suppose that he had paid \$30 for the ring. I gave the entire amount of \$30, which Mrs. Briggs obtained, to Cox, who then went away. I have not seen him since. He never told me anything about the murder nor did I ever hear him mention the name of Hull. The last time he came to see me he still wore the gold watch, but not the silver one. Last Wednesday George Taylor called at the house, as he often did in the daytime. He asked me for one of the stone rings which he had seen upon my finger, and said he wanted to wear it on his necktie. It was in my trunk, and I took it out and gave it to him. When Cox first showed me the jewelry he took it out of his pantaloons' pocket. When Cox left he did not tell me where he was going or when he would come back. He had asked me to keep the two stone rings and the diamond ear rings for him. He never dressed "extra," but always looked well.

The George Taylor referred to was arrested and sent to the House of Detention as a witness. He evidently had nothing more to do with the affair than receiving from the woman Johnson the ring which he wore on his cravat. He is a short, thick-set, copper colored man, who appeared to be about twenty-five years old and said his father was an Indian. He didn't at all look like a thief, and so far as the police know he has never been in serious trouble before. He is known to visitors at Owney Geoghegan's and Harry Hill's, where he stood up to be boxed by expert handlers of the gloves. He served somewhat too in the capacity of a waiter.

Detective Dorséy knew Taylor and where to find him, so while some of the party took Bella Johnson to the Fifteenth precinct station house, the others went to Owney Geoghegan's place, in the Bowery. Taylor was there, waiting at the tables, and Detective Dorsey, placing his hand upon his shoulder, said, "Where is that stone ring?" Taylor asked confusedly, "What ring do you mean?" "The one Bella Johnson gave you," answered Dorsey, and then Taylor put his hand in his vest pocket and produced the desired ornament. He told the detective that he did not know where Bella Johnson had obtained it, and then accompanied them to the Mercer street station house, where he recognized his partner in misfortune.

THE TRIAL.

We venture to say that never in the history of the criminal practice of New York has there been a case which occupied so much attention and created the excitement that this case did. From the attention bestowed on the wretched and ignorant prisoner he seems to think himself a sort of distinguished personage, and would smilingly comment on the difference in the size of the crowds from those that went to see him in Boston. He was dressed with the nattiest care, wearing a buttonhole bouquet, the gift of some silly female admirer, his mustache waxed like Jim Fisk's, and he smoked the best cigars—the gift of visitors. This display should have been sternly prevented by the officers in charge of the wretch. It was altogether wrong, and offensive to the community. The principal piece of testimony was that of the Deputy Coroner, Doctor Wallace MacWhinney, who made the official autopsy on Mrs. Hull's body. It explained a mystery about the life of Mrs. Hull that should have prevented the cruelty of the police question about Doctor Hull and his estimable and beloved wife. It was as follows:

I made a post-mortem examination of the body of Jane L. De Forest Hull, lying at No. 140 West Forty-second street, in the city of New York, on the afternoon of June 11, 1879, about half-past three P. M. The body had been removed from the place where originally discovered and placed in an ice box and covered with ice. The body was taken from the ice box and placed upon a table. The subject was a large, stout woman, with an adipose tissue largely developed, and weighing upward of two hundred and fifty pounds. An inspection of the body revealed a slight contusion upon the bridge of the nose, with an abrasion of the left ala or wing of the nose; also an abrasion of the left cheek and upon the edge of the neck. The eyebrows were singed at the centre, the quantity of hair singed being greatest on the left of centre. On the right hand, slight abrasion on dorsum or middle finger, midway upon first phalange. At the knuckle of the index finger a small piece of integument had been clipped or gonged out. On the left hand, upon the outer side of the ring finger, two small pieces of integument were chipped or gouged out, as if by the finger nails or the profecting parts of a ring in careless or forcible removal. Slight discolorations at knuckle joint. Upon the wrists were depressions with slight discolorations, apparently the result of bandages having been placed around them. The color of the skin of the face was darker than usual, but not markedly so. Upon removing the calvareum or top of skull found the cerebral vessels somewhat congested; the brain normal.

On opening the body found the blood in a fluid state, very dark, almost black in color. The lungs were full and presented a purplish, mottled appearance, and upon section were found intensely congested throughout and oedematous, the bronchial tubes containing a frothy fluid. The heart contained only a very small quantity of black fluid blood. There was a slight deposit of calcareous matter in the aortic valves, otherwise the organ was in a healthy condition. Liver, spleen and kidneys normal, the latter being somewhat congested. Also found a large fibroid tumor of the uterus, which had evidently been growing for a length of time. Stomach was in a normal condition, and contained a quantity of undigested food. The fingers of both hands were rigidly closed, and could not be straightened out. The condition of the lungs, the color and consistency of the blood, bear evidence that the supply of oxygen or air had been suddenly cut off. The stomach containing undigested food, the organs being in a healthy condition from a medical standpoint, demonstrates a sudden and probably a violent death.

Captain Williams' description of how the body was bound was highly dramatic, and Cox, himself, listened eagerly. He explained the use of the several articles as they were handed to him, and then passed them over to the jury for examination. Cox watched the entire proceedings intently.

"This," said Captain Williams, holding up a cambric handkerchief, "was used to bind the wrists. The hands were crossed in this way and rested on the breast. This piece of muslin was tied around her eyes, with the knot at the back of the head."

The Captain placed the narrow strip over his own eyes by means of explanation.

"This larger fold of muslin was placed over the mouth. It was used as a gag, but had slipped from its place and was pulled over the head without untying the knot. This stocking suspender was used for pinioning her arms and was run around both elbows and then tied behind her. These two small pieces of sheeting were used to bind the right leg, one tied around the bed rail and the other tied into the first. This longer piece was tied around the left leg and fastened to the bed rail. This piece of muslin was found in Mrs. Hull's room, but was not used to bind her."

Taking up a small white flannel petticoat, Captain Williams continued:—

This was found on her body, and this towel with a little hole burned in it was found in the room. She wore this nightdress, from which pieces have been cut out containing spots of candle grease. Here is one of the pieces. There was a coverlid of the same description as some of the articles employed to tie her, and a sheet upon the underside from which



"The way the monster attacked his victim."

"Wie der Sgarte sein Opfer angriff."

strips had been torn off. There was a piece of pillowslip, the other part of which was used by the girl Nancy as an ironing cloth. The only marks of violence on the body were an abrasion of the skin upon the third finger of the left hand, where a spot of blood looked as if it were just going to start; another abrasion upon the third finger of the right hand, and a scratch upon the nose; the room was very small, containing besides the bed, a small stand, a large sized sofa and a trunk which stood open with its contents scattered over the floor; there was a clear space in the room of about five feet square; the people in the house told me of missing jewelry and how Mrs. Hull had been accustomed to wear or stow it away.

On Thursday, July 17th, the trial closed. Many supposed from the shrewd and stubborn way in which the prisoner's counsel opened that they would be able to prolong it, like many other celebrated cases have been lengthened. But the Nemesis-like manner in which Judge Cowing applied the law at every point, settled matters *properly*, for which his Honor deserves the thanks and gratitude of the whole community. After the evidence was all in, Mr. Howe addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner. He endeavored to show that there was not sufficient proof that Mrs. Hull died at the hands of the prisoner; that there was no evidence to show that he intended to kill her, and that all the facts of the case, carefully reviewed by them would only justify, at the most, a verdict of murder in the second degree.

District Attorney Phelps then addressed the jury in an earnest speech of one hour's length for the people, and commenced by calling their attention to the details of the crime that had startled the community, and said that the prosecution required from the jury, upon the presentation of the evidence, a verdict of murder in the first degree, and nothing less. The prisoner went to the house of Mrs. Hull for the purpose of committing a felony, and murder resulted as a consequence of that determination. All the circumstances showed that the prisoner had premeditated the possibility of the commission of the murder. After reviewing the evidence in this connection Mr. Phelps proceeded to set forth the motives that actuated the prisoner, and said that Mrs. Hull knew him and that his object was to silence her so completely that her lips should never tell whom she had seen. He said, in that part of the argument of Mr. Howe that the prosecution had not given sufficient proof of the cause of death, that even if it were proved that Mrs. Hull would have recovered under more skilful medical treatment, yet the prisoner would then be responsible for her death.

THE CHARGE TO THE JURY.

Judge Cowing, in addressing the jury, said:—

The most solemn and grave responsibility devolves upon every one connected with the case. The law says that the prisoner shall have the safeguard of a trial thrown around him and that his confession shall not be taken without the due consideration of a jury. I believe, from the care and attention you have given this case, you appreciate the gravity of it as much as I do. What is the rule which you have got to keep before you constantly? The law of this State is that the killing of a person by one engaged in the commission of a felony is murder in the first degree. First, it is sufficient for me to state to you that the crime of grand larceny is a felony, and if the prisoner was engaged in grand larceny and while in that crime he took the life of Mrs. Hull, then it is necessary that you should find the prisoner guilty. Larceny means the carrying away of the personal property of another. Its value must be \$25 to make it grand larceny. Did the prisoner carry away the personal property of this deceased to the value of \$25, and did he do it with wicked intent?

Now with reference to the next branch of the question, and that is as to the killing—Is Mrs. Hull dead? You have heard the evidence upon that, and you must determine that fact. Thirdly, did the prisoner cause her death or contribute to it? As stated by the learned District Attorney upon the opening of this case, a person is entitled to every minute of his life, and if the prisoner at the bar hastened Mrs. Hull's death by his act then he is guilty. In reference to the confession, I charge that it should be received with caution. If given under a threat or promise it is invalid; but if it came voluntarily from a conscience-stricken or repentant man it is the highest kind of evidence in any case. Are these confessions which you have heard purely voluntary? I charge you to carefully and cautiously weigh them. If he had been arraigned here on the charge of grand larceny, and the articles had been found in his possession and he could not satisfactorily explain it, that would be taken in evidence in consideration of his guilt. In fact you should weigh carefully all the evidence in the case. There is but little conflict, and it would seem that much of it is established beyond reasonable doubt. But there is no part of it which you may not discard if it does not satisfy your minds and consciences. If you believe there is a reasonable doubt, upon any point, the prisoner is entitled to the benefit of that doubt. The evidence must be fresh upon your memory, and you are capable of giving it the consideration it deserves. If the evidence satisfies you beyond a reason-

able doubt that the offence has been committed it is your duty to convict the prisoner of the charge. I leave the rest in your hands, believing that substantial justice will be done.

Mr Howe read twenty-three requests to charge, most of which were denied by the Court and exceptions granted.

The jury were dismissed to their room in the custody of a Court messenger at eighteen minutes past five. Judge Cowing and Judge Gildersleeve remained on the bench, and nearly all the spectators retained their seats, the general belief being that the jury would return in a few minutes. This expectation was not realized, and there were several departures from the court room. Cox, who was the most interested person present in the deliberations of the absent jury, was the observed of all observers. He, however, gave no indication of having anything on his mind that troubled him. He said to the deputy sheriff who was with him that he did not feel particularly anxious about the verdict. He felt certain that it would be murder in the first degree, and that he had not anticipated any other verdict. When the hour rolled by and the jury did not return he said he could not conceive what was keeping them, except that he supposed they were getting their supper. He wanted a "chew of tobacco very much," he said, and the deputy sheriff asked a gentleman near to him for "a chew," but when the gentleman found who it was that wanted it he refused to give it. This seemed to disconcert Cox more than anything that had occurred during the trial, and the occasional smiles he had indulged in previously were discontinued. In the waiting audience was a group of ladies, prominent among whom were Mrs. Wilbour, the president of Sorosis, and Mrs. Lilian Devereux Blake.

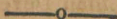
After the lapse of sixty-seven minutes—at twenty-five minutes past six—the jury returned into court with a verdict of murder in the first degree. At the request of Mr. Howe the jury were polled. Cox, who stood up while the verdict was given, regarded the jury with an expressionless face. In reply to the usual inquiries as to why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced, Cox said he had nothing to say except through his counsel.

Mr. Howe then said that there was nothing to be said after the verdict had been received, and that there was nothing left except for his Honor to pass sentence and for the prisoner to await the effect of the exceptions which had been taken, and to see whether those would be sustained by other tribunals.

DOOMED.

Judge Cowing, addressing the prisoner amid great silence, said :—

"Chastine Cox, I would fain believe that your heart goes not with the laugh depicted upon your countenance during the progress of this trial; that your conduct has in no way indicated your right feeling. The jury has been of your own selection, and they have carefully considered your case, the result of which is that they find you guilty of a horrible offence which will inflict upon you a most ignominious death. I believe that you have had a fair and impartial trial. Let me urge upon you not to rest your hopes of escape from the penalty of death by trust in any of the devices of the law, but let your time be spent in preparing for that momentous change which must inevitably come as the result of this trial. You have broken more than one law—you have committed burglary, you have committed grand larceny, and you have committed murder, and you are now to pay the penalty of these crimes. The sentence of the Court is that you be taken from this place to the prison from whence you came, and there, on the 29th of August, between the hours of nine A. M. and four P. M., be taken to the prison yard, and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul."



MRS. HULL'S LIFE.

At an adjourned meeting of Sorosis, the most fashionable society in New York, held at the residence of Miss Julia M. Thomas, No. 32 West Twenty-sixth street, the consideration of resolutions regarding the death of their sister member, Mrs. Hull, was resumed. A considerable number of members were present, but Miss Thomas, after the meeting, said it was not thought best to give their names, as the action was not of individual members, but of Sorosis.

The following resolutions, which were sent to Dr. Hull and other members of the family, were finally adopted:

"Whereas by the untimely death of Mrs. J. De Forrest Hull Sorosis has lost an old and valued member and a large circle of friends have been deeply afflicted; therefore,

"Resolved, That we hereby express to the family of Mrs. Hull our keen sympathy with their deep grief in this peculiarly sad bereavement, and our sense of their great loss by the death of our early and excellent member, whose brilliant wit, strong good sense, unswerving fidelity and lively interest in human welfare, especially in enterprises for the benefit of woman, had won for her a lofty place in our regard.

"Resolved, That the violent death of our beloved member forcibly teaches that we are each our brother's keeper for the preservation of life and good name, and calls loudly to us to redouble our efforts to find the truth, extend righteousness and good will in the land, and thus insure a condition of society in which the monstrous crime which has deprived us of an unoffending, self-reliant woman would be impossible.

"Resolved, That these mourning relatives, with us, have a source of consolation in the bright memory of her dauntless courage in physical danger, her uncomplaining fortitude in adversity, her noble self-denial, her outspoken truthfulness, her unselfish aims, her longing for the better and her tenacious friendship, and by the fond hope of a blessed reunion with her in the land of just recognition."

The above resolutions are intrinsically more valuable than the resolutions usually passed by societies upon the decease of a member, because of the standing of the association, and the generally singular, or rather let us say unique, notions of its members.

Mrs. Hull was one of those large hearted practical women, of whom there are not many, who labor for the advancement of their fellow-women, without any of the wild, chimerical notions so usual in such cases. Her extensive and cultured list of friends made her thoroughly well-known in Europe as well as here, and her house was constantly enlivened with the presence of some or other of these friends, who not only respected but loved her for her sterling qualities.

The doctor, her husband, is a highly scientific and scholarly gentleman, but was unable to spend much time in assisting his wife to entertain company, he being engaged constantly in making chemical researches in his laboratory. How valuable these were may be inferred from the fact that he received for them almost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Often in the evening he would join her in the drawing room, and with mutual friends have a game or two of Whist, of which Mrs. Hull was very fond. Then, sometimes while absorbed in some highly important and valuable experiment, the doctor would be compelled to remain to a late hour in the night, long after all the rest had retired. Never were there a more contented couple than the doctor and his wife.

While speaking of the husband we may add the following:—

Doctor Alonzo Gradison Hull was born in Berlin. He was educated there, and went into practice in Europe. Desiring to visit America he

came here and was, during his sojourn, introduced to Miss Jane L. de Forest who was the acknowledged belle of society. They loved each other and were wedded. The happy couple left for Europe where the next ten years of their life were spent in perfect enjoyment, the standing of the husband, and the beauty and intelligence of the young wife gaining for them the entree into the highest circles of aristocratic society. He was the introducer of electricity there in the treatment of disease, and was so successful that his practice became immense, he being called in to attend the Royal Family.

At the end of the ten years Mrs. Hull's health became impaired and she longed to come home to America again. The devoted husband at once relinquished his profession and set sail for New York with his invalid wife. He did not intend to stay over a year, as he thought that would be sufficient to restore her. So he left his practice in London in the hands of a brother practitioner in whom he had confidence.

Before the year was up a deputation of gentlemen in London offered him a very large sum of money to return and resume. But his wife's health not improving he steadily refused.

Finding at the end of the specified time that there was no prospect of an improvement in the latter he finally gave up the idea altogether of returning, and settled down permanently here.

After a while he commenced practice in New York and obtained, as he had in London and Europe, an enormous one. Money making was not his object, however, but rather an earnest desire to accomplish cures and results beyond the mere routine professional grade.

Mrs. Hull was once very wealthy in her own right. But she had met with some heavy reverses which had impaired her means to a great extent. But, in regard to the fact of keeping boarders in the grand house in which she lived, Mrs. Hull did so as much for company and social intercourse as for aid to her income; in fact more so, for all in the house had lived with her for years, and were as much attached to herself and husband as though they were all one family.

While in London Mrs. Hull, then in the very prime of her beauty and fascination, was presented at the Court Reception of Queen Victoria, which is the highest social honor that can be bestowed in England. A friend describing it, as she had heard it described, was very glowing. Said she:—

"Mrs. Hull must have been the most beautiful and distinguished looking lady there on that occasion. She was dressed in regal style, with the usual immense trail of several yards in length. A lady who is to be presented is obliged to go through weeks of previous study and exercise, that she may make no awkward mistake, either in deportment or dressing, for the laws of etiquette are stern and most strictly enforced at Victoria's

Receptions. The Lord Chamberlain would turn away the highest born lady in the land, who presents herself in any but the regulation dress, or who should make any error in manner or style of approach. And the most trying part of the ordeal is the handling of the train, most of them being between three and four yards long.

"Mrs Hull succeeded most admirably, and was particularly noticed by the Queen, who, by her looks, showed an admiration for the lovely American, which etiquette, however, prevented her from putting into language. The grandeur of Mrs. Hull's appearance was the theme of the occasion, and she must have naturally felt exceedingly proud of the high and distinguished honor, as well as her husband.

"And now to think, that that dear, kind friend should perish—be butchered by that brutal wretch of a negro servant. And to think that her noble husband should, in the midst of his grief, be suspected of being her destroyer. Oh how horrible it all seems to us."

Mrs. Hull came from some of the oldest Knickerbocker stock in New York. She was the daughter of Laurence de Forest the dry goods merchant. Her grand father, Peter Davis, lived in the region between Bound Brook and the Blue Ridge, and at his house she spent a great deal of her time when young. She was the acknowledged belle there, and awakened the admiration and love of everybody. She dressed always in very rich and becoming style, and her manners were so free and unrestrained as to enhance everybody's friendship for her, and yet she possessed a native dignity which prevented any careless familiarity.

When she was taken home to be buried, all the people in the neighborhood turned out to witness the sorrowful ceremony. We use the word home in its full meaning, for the Davis family, to which on her mother's side she belonged, had their own private cemetery and it was to this that she was borne in her death.

Strange, eventful life. In her girlhood she left the old homestead to go abroad in the world, married Doctor Hull, and lived with him happily, sharing his honors, and cares, and sorrows and thither, after all was over and her day was done, came she back, but only as dust to be laid away to moulder with her ancestors.

Some of the more advanced in age of the inhabitants well remembered her, and narrated with moistened eyes, anecdotes about her.

Said an old man:

"Well, well, well, what a strange life this is. It seems, sir, just like the other day that lovely Jane de Forest walked in this very grave yard in all the bloom of her youthful beauty. Beauty, ah, sir, she was a beauty; one of the grandest, sweetest girls, in all the country side, a perfect princess. Love her! nobody could help it. She was so universally loved by everybody that nobody could get jealous. And so kind and noble in

her nature, always doing some grateful tender act to those by whom she was surrounded.

I remember at a Christmas celebration that was being held at Mr. Davis' house. There was a grand time of it, I tell you, and the enjoyment was at its height. Incidentally one of the guests mentioned how a widow, living about three miles distant was in the utmost destitution.

"There," exclaimed Jane, "I cannot bear to continue all this pleasure until I have made that poor woman comfortable. She and her little ones must be made merry before another hour goes over our heads."

"Oh, Jenny," repostulated several of the family and guests in one breath. "She will be well taken care of in the morning." "In the morning will not satisfy me," rejoined the tender hearted beauty, "the poor soul may perish before morning." "Well, I tell you what," proposed a young gentleman, who was an ardent admirer of Miss de Forest, "let a basket be filled and I will mount and ride over to her house with it."

"Gooe! good! that will do!" exclaimed all the guests.

But it was not satisfactory to their fair, young hostess, who promptly replied:

"Many thanks for your offer, friend John, but I must go myself—"

She was interrupted by the exclamations of the whole company, each of them urging the darkness and the inclement weather, for it was literally cold.

"But all to no purpose, her mind was made up, and go she would.

"I tell you what, we will all go, and I will guarantee it will be the most joyous part of our Christmas tide. Come, gentlemen and ladies."

Grandpa Davis saw that further expostulation would be in vain, and he laughed and remarked:—

"Our Imperial Majesty must have her way."

"Now! Grandpa!" she exclaimed with mock seriousness.

Then stepping to where he sat in his arm chair she kissed him gaily, and said, "We will not be long, and it will make her so happy, and make ~~us~~ so happy, and make you so happy, won't it?"

"Yes, pet."

"I knew it. Now, then, let us hasten. John, you were the first to volunteer, so you and I shall ride together."

This was to the young gentleman who offered to go himself, and he felt thoroughly delighted at the exceptional honor the lovely girl paid him.

In about twenty minutes more the merry cavalcade were on their way to the relief of the distressed widow. Every third or fourth one carried a pine knot whose brilliant flames lit up the road with a ruddy glare, and indeed a considerable distance on either side of it.

In quick time the cavalcade reached the humble cottage of the widow. A short distance away they had commenced to sing a merry Christmas carol, the glad song echoing and re-echoing for miles around through the



crisp, frosty air. Of course the widow had been awakened, or rather startled, for sleep from cold and hunger. She thought it must be some convivial party out for a rout or surprise.

What was her astonishment, therefore, to behold them halt before her own house and there finish their song. This was only increased when a gentleman, dismounting,—this was the favored cavalier—advanced and knocked loudly at the door. Opening the window Mrs. Williams—I think that was her name, but I cannot positively remember—trembling with fear and excitement, asked what was wanted.

Miss de Forest replied:—

"Come down, quickly, and open the door; we are just some of your friendly neighbors, and our mission is to give you a good, old-fashioned surprise—a Christmas surprise."

The poor woman was so overcome with the unexpectedness of the affair that she could not reply; but shutting down the window, hastened to make herself as presentable as possible to her impromptu guests. This did not consume more than a minute or so, and then she went down and undid the door. At once the visitors, with Miss de Forest in the lead, filled the little rooms down stairs.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Williams," exclaimed the lively girl, "we were having a grand time up at grandpa Davis' house and the notion just popped into my head to have a little entertainment of my own, novel in its way, somewhat out of the ordinary routine, you know. I had heard of you, and knowing that you would not be likely to be in the way of having much company we just thought we would ride over and give you a good, old-fashioned surprise. Where are the children? Let us have them up. I'm sorry we did not think of it and bring some children along with our party."

Then, turning to the latter, the merry, generous belle introduced them all to their embarrassed hostess.

In a very few moments everybody had made themselves at home, and there was not a particle of restraint. Mrs. Williams went up stairs and in a very short time re-appeared with her four little ones, a fine little boy and three girls. Exceedingly neat and intelligent in their appearance, in spite of their thin, sandy clothing and pale faces they pleased all the visitors, who saw, at a single glance, how matters stood in the household of want and suffering. Mrs. Williams was one of those who never utter any complaints, but struggle on in silence and suffering, hoping by patient industry to surmount all difficulties.

About half an hour was spent by the party in social enjoyment, in which the widow and her children were compelled, as it were, to participate. Then Mrs. de Forest suggested a retirement, and she and her friends prepared to depart.

"Now, Mrs. Williams, we have been more than pleased with our visit. We must bid you good night. These baskets we do not want to carry back with us. The man will call over for them tomorrow morning. In them you will find Christmas gifts for yourself and the little ones, and day after tomorrow I want you to come to Grandpas' there is something I want you to do for me. Don't disappoint me. And now come here little ones."

Thus speaking, the lovely girl turned to the children and kissed them and said:

"Now old Kris has been to see you and you'll not forget it I'm sure. Good bye and a Merry Christmas to you. And Mrs. Williams," she took the poor woman's hands in her own in the kindest manner, "a very Merry Christmas to yourself and many of them is the sincere wish of us all." "Oh my dear Miss de Forest my lips cannot thank you, but my heart does! Oh, if I could only find words to thank you and all these kind, noble friends as I would like—all I can say is God bless you! God bless you all."

Five minutes later the widow was alone with the bountiful stores brought her by her unexpected but providential guests. She sank on her knees, and, with her delighted children kneeling also around her, she poured forth her gratitude to God, who had been so kind to her in this her darkest hour, for all she had to give her children the next day was about half a pound of corn meal. "The latter were now as merry as larks, and after their prayer they danced and capered around their mother and around the baskets, like the delighted little creatures they were. Such a thing as going to bed again was not to be dreamed of, for they were all too much excited to think of slumbering any more, so all that was left to do was to examine the gifts and empty the overladen baskets.

In one of these latter were tightly packed a quantity of warm clothing of a kind that would be most acceptable to such a family as Mrs. Williams', while at the bottom lay a silk purse curiously worked with beads. The purse itself was Miss De Forest's, and its contents were gold and silver; very little of the latter, however. It was filled completely and contained a good large sum altogether, for the fair hostess had gathered it from her guests before starting on the surprise.

"Yes," added an old lady, "that was just like her. I remember hearing an anecdote of her something like that. There was a poor man who lived close by her father's house, whose wife was taken suddenly ill. That year I remember there was a great deal of excitement about the cholera, and if it was thought that a person who might be taken sick had that, not a solitary soul would go near the house. This was the way in the house I refer to, though it proved to be a case of real cholera instead of only a false alarm.

"One morning some children came running into Mr. De Forest's, exclaiming that Mrs. Elkins, a distant neighbor, was sick, rolling on the floor and had begged them to run for the doctor. The way they knew it was that they had in the course of playing a game of ball thrown it into the Elkins' yard, and going after it, one of them chanced to come close to the back kitchen door. He heard a strange noise, and looking in he saw the poor woman lying on the floor and rolling about in her agony. She was entirely alone, for her husband had gone to work long before. The little boy got his ball and then ran back and told his playmates of what he had seen.

Like children, all of them went back again, when Mrs. Elkins asked them to go and fetch her a doctor: The alarm was soon given, and a neighbor went for a physician, while others came to the door, looked in, and then in terror fled away. Presently among others came Miss Jane.

"Oh, young lady, come out! don't go in there! You'll catch it and die! Come out!"

These were a few of the cries that greeted the brave girl as she entered the stricken household. But turning around upon the crowd, she exclaimed with imperious and angered dignity.

"Why, what a cowardly set of creatures you are. If you cannot help this poor suffering woman begone to your homes."

She then closed the door in their faces and began to minister to the immediate wants of the unfortunate she had come to help.

Shortly after the husband came, and a few minutes later the doctor, then the patient was got to bed. The next morning she was out of danger. Miss de Forest did not leave her till nearly evening.

Of course every one firmly believed that the "highly imprudent" girl would certainly become a victim to the dreadful scourge, and when day after day passed without that result taking place, it was thought to be nothing less than a wonderful interposition of divine providence."

The husband was, of course, extremely grateful, as was also the wife to the noble young heroine for her entirely unexpected devotion and bravery. They did not know how to express their gratitude to their beautiful and unselfish friend in need; but had an opportunity ever occurred to repay the kindness they would both have only been too glad to do so with interest.

Such anecdotes as these were told by the assembled crowds during the funeral, and doubtless it will be a long, long time ere the subject of the life of Mrs. Hull ceases to be an every day topic with the inhabitants of the region where her earlier years were spent.

True, indeed, in her case were the lines—

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

THE LAW'S DELAY.

In olden times when power to punish was vested in the hands of a king and his favorite adherents, the individual, and even large communities, could be oppressed. And when the acts of villiany, to which this naturally led, became no longer endurable, the people rose and insisted on the observance of strict forms before the humblest citizens could be deprived even legally of liberty or life.

These usages and forms have come down to us of to-day, but we think, that, with the rest of methods and ways that have been inherited from our ancestors, they might be improved. As, for instance, in the case of this self convicted fiend, Cox. Neither law nor justice would have been outraged; but on the contrary their terror and dignity would have been enhanced by hanging the wretch within thirty days after his certain discovery.

In France or England this would not have been the case. He would not have been lionized and made a silly show of.

Through the efforts of Messrs. Howe and Hummel a stay of proceedings has been granted until October, when his case will be reviewed by the higher court.

When the news was conveyed to him he expressed much pleasure. Indeed, from his conversation we would suppose that he was a sort of a martyr, and that it was nothing more than right not only to stay the hand of the law from his throat, but to let him go free altogether.

The flippant way in which he spoke of his religion was something appalling to an intelligent listener, and could only be accounted for by his utter ignorance of soul. We prefer that word to mind in describing this human animal, which, like all creatures of mixed African and other races, displays generally all the combined characteristics of the fox and the wolf.

A gentleman from a distinguished paper called upon the condemned and the following is a specimen extract from what Cox said:

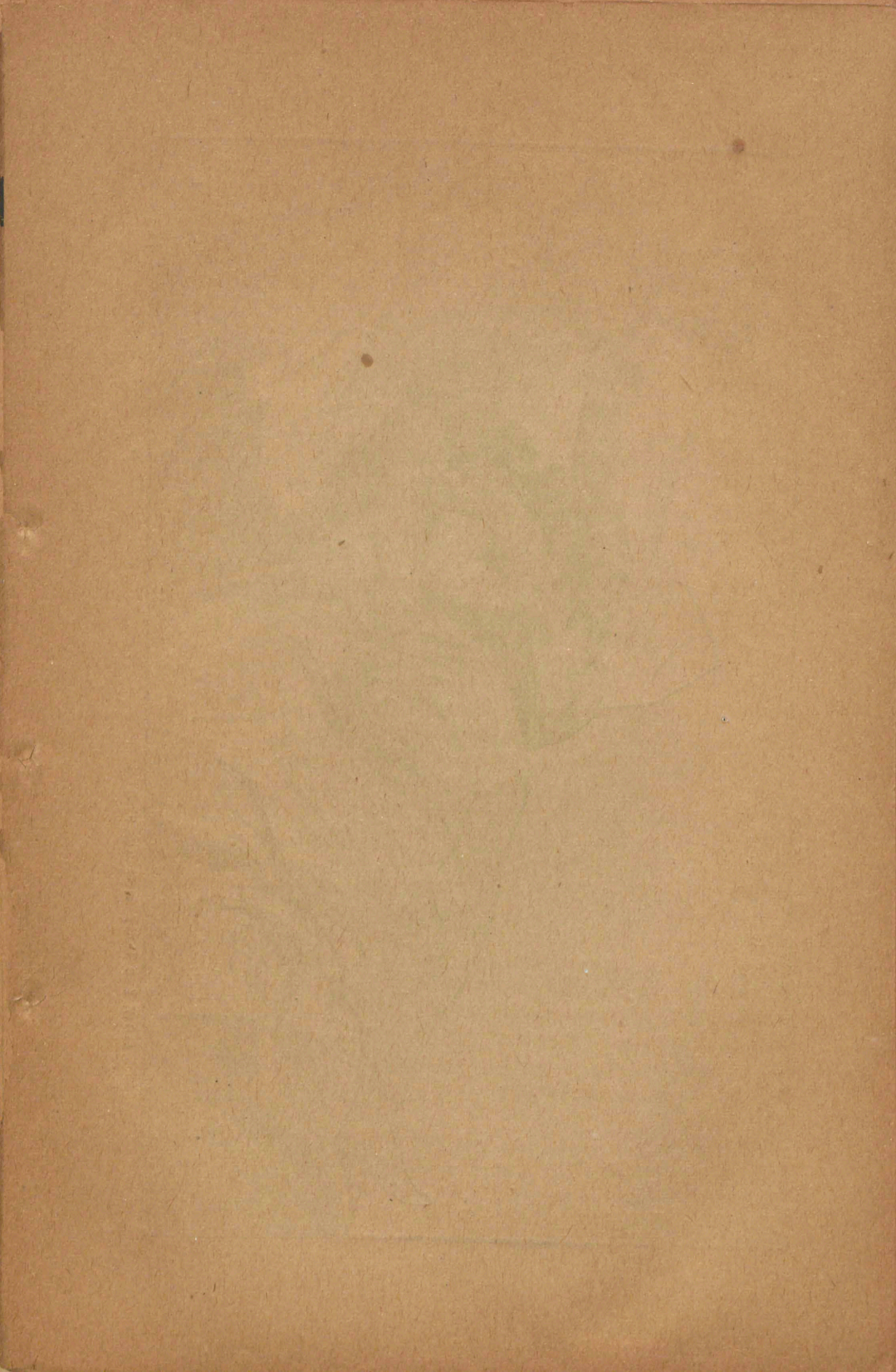
"The Lord will take care of me and His will be done. I ain't had much trust in anybody else. You do not know"—here Cox lowered his voice to a whisper—"I don't think they can hang me. I am sure they can't, for if I had been a wilful murderer I would not have come to New York the second time. Now, would I?"

We repeat that this allowing desperate criminals to become shows of themselves like petted public tigers, is wrong. Wild beasts, whether animal or human, should be put out of the road quickly and quietly, whether by execution or imprisonment for life. Otherwise justice becomes a mockery and law only a shield to such red handed wretches as Cox.



How the body was discovered.

and the body was discovered.



MRS. HULL'S HUSBAND.

As we have previously recorded there never was a man subjected to the cruel insinuations and groundless suspicion in connection with the mysterious murder, as was the venerable and well-loved husband of Mrs. Hull. We did not intend originally to give his testimony, as it was so full of things which must have cut him to the very heart, but on giving our last edition to the public we concluded it would only be justice to do so, and a warning to others in future not to regard with an evil, suspicious eye, those who, by misfortune may be placed in the same predicament.

Dr. Hull's responses were prompt, but so low that a person two yards away could not understand them. Some of the jurors complained of this and when Dr. Hull was asked to speak louder he cleared his throat and endeavored to comply. After a sentence or two, however, his voice died into a husky murmur. His counsel asked him to come closer and he did so. Even then the answers could not be heard, and when twice asked to raise his voice, "I can't do it; It's impossible." So the examination proceeded, heard only by those within a radius of twenty feet of the witness. Captains Kealey and Williams, District Attorney Rollins and Mr. Davenport leaned toward him, with now and then a long, sharp glance, as if they would read the very thoughts he possessed. Occasionally one of them whispered a word of suggestion in the ear of the Coroner. When the latter gave up questioning the witness, he was followed by Mr. Rollins, Dr. Finnell, foreman of the jury, and Mr. Townsend. Dr. Hull appeared to realize that there was a steady purpose behind the examination. Once or twice only did he display a particle of impatience; for the rest he was restrained and self-possessed. One was surprised at his ignorance of details. He did not even remember whether his wife had on a wedding ring or not.

Dr. Hull's examination, which lasted about three hours, ran as follows:—

What is your name? Alonzo G. Hull. Where do you reside, Doctor? At No. 140 West Forty-second street. What is your business? A physician. How long have you resided in this city? Forty-three years.

Please tell us all that you know about the death of your wife. I was awakened by one of the servants crying out "Mrs Hull is dead." At what time was that? About seven or half-past seven; the time that the read man came. What day was that? Tuesday. State what you know

further. I put on my clothes and came down stairs as quickly as I could, went into the room and found she was murdered.

Please describe how you found her. She was lying mostly on her back, with bandages about her neck and face and eyes, and her hands tied with large knots of bed sheets or something, and she was bandaged here, I think, on the arm, and her legs were bandaged, tied down to each side of her bed.

What did you do after you found her in that state? The moment I went in I was struck at the awful sight; her head discolored, perfectly awful, and I saw in a moment that she had been murdered; then I went up stairs to put on my clothing; I got on my clothes and came down—except my cravat and collar; I forgot them; in the afternoon I went up stairs and put them on.

Did you feel the body of your wife? I did; it was as cold as could be. Speak louder, please. Whenever I am thinking it is almost impossible for me to speak loud. Mr. Hull, what time did you retire on Tuesday night? Half-past ten, I think, as near as I can recollect. Who was at your house that night? Mr. Chittenden. What time did he come? I think it was about eight o'clock; he was in the habit of coming in at that time. What passed between your wife, Mr. Chittenden and yourself? We talked on politics and the news of the day.

Was there anybody else present in the room at any time after Mr. Chittenden arrived? Not that I know of. Was Mr. Hyde there? I think not. Didn't you see Mr. Hyde at any time that evening? I can't say for certain. What time did Mr. Chittenden leave your house? It must have been about quarter past ten.

Did you see him leave the house? Mrs. Hull went to the door with him and came back after a few minutes, and I concluded I would retire; before going to bed I concluded to go down stairs, where I generally spend ten or fifteen minutes every night washing my teeth, and after doing this I light a candle, which I take up stairs with me; after I get through cleaning my teeth I always put on my slippers and then go up stairs: when I go up stairs to the front door, I almost always ask Mrs. Hull whether I will put out the light or not; sometimes she would say yes, sometimes no; I asked her that evening; when I come up stairs I always see that the outer door is bolted and fastened on the inside; I bolted the door and then asked Mrs. Hull if she would have the light out; she said she would.

What did you do until a quarter past ten? I went to call on a patient in Twenty-fourth street; I recollect nothing about it at all, but a lady was telling me that her daughter met me on the top of the steps and told me that there was no one sick in the house.

When did you leave your house? It must have been about half-past

eight. What time did you return? Well, I went from there over to the square, where I stayed a little while, probably not for half an hour; then I went to a restaurant on Broadway, where I took a cup of coffee and some strawberries; I had done that two or three nights, and I generally walked along until a car came; then I would go home; that night I don't think I did so; I think I got some confectionery; I met Mr. Holmes; then I took a car and went home. What time did you get back to the house? I think it was a quarter of ten.

Where did you find Mr. Chittenden and Mrs. Hull? They were in the sitting room. Were you in the habit of leaving them alone? Oh, yes. Where is your room located? In the top of the house.

Did you have anything in your hand when you went up stairs that night? No, sir; nothing, except my candle and candlestick; I am not very careful of lights, and so I had to have a large tin candlestick. Did you see that candle every night? Yes, sir; except when the servants neglected to bring it. What was the candle made of? Paraffine. How late did you keep it burning? I went to bed half an hour afterward; I don't know when I put the candle out; as soon as I got up stairs I lighted the gas.

What time did you retire? About eleven o'clock. Did you remain in bed the entire night? No, sir; I got up at one o'clock and lit my gas, and it was burning a full hour. How late did you remain up? I was up between twelve and one o'clock; it was rather too warm and I felt uncomfortable; I did not light the light until one o'clock, and it was burning until two o'clock; at two o'clock I put it out.

What time did you go to sleep? Right away. Did you hear anything during the night? I heard Mr. Coleman when he came in. What time was that? Half-past eleven or twelve o'clock. Nothing after that. I don't think I did. Was your room closed? It was closed; the door was not shut; there is a lead weight that I shut the door against and then put my chair against the door, so that no one could come in without waking me.

How many candles have you? I think the candle had not been brought down and I took up another one. The candle that you took up, was it a new one? I think I used it some. That would make two candles? Yes, sir. Did you hear anything from the time Mr. Coleman came in until the alarm was given you? No, sir; I heard nothing.

Did you miss any property after the death of your wife? Yes, sir. What was it? There was a necklace of Oriental topazes, some fifty of them set in gold; a gold watch, a long chain and earrings, cameos cut in stone, and a particularly fine wrought ring, which was taken from the same drawer where the other articles that I mentioned were. Then all the property missing consisted of jewelry of some kind. Of some kind,

her rings were taken from her fingers? Did you look at her fingers to see whether the rings were on them or not? I did not notice them at all. Do you know whether she was in the habit of keeping them on at night or taking them off? I could not say.

Were you in the habit of visiting the Reservoir square? Yes, sir. How often do you go there? Two or three times a day. Do you go alone? No one, except a little dog, with me. Did you converse with any one in that square relating to business? Not that I remember; I may have done so. Were you in the habit of carrying a cane? Yes, sir.

How many canes do you own? Four or five. Did you go to the square two or three times a day? I made it my rule to take the little dog out night and morning, and, if I had leisure, in the middle of the day. Please tell us as near as you can what took place between you and your wife on Tuesday night before you retired to bed? Nothing unusual; nothing except what I have stated.

Assistant District Attorney Rollins then took up the examination of Dr. Hull, and inquired into the manifest details of the events immediately preceding the murder, going over many of the points previously touched upon by the Coroner and eliciting some new facts from the witness. Such points as were repeated are omitted, the following being the additional evidence:—

How long have you lived in your present house? Nearly three years. And during that time have there been lodgers in the house aside from yourself and wife? Yes, sir; perhaps not all of the time, but I think most of the time. Will you be kind enough to describe the rooms in the house, commencing with the basement? I occupied the front part of it, dividing it into five partitions for my own convenience, so that I would have a sitting room, a room to receive patients in and a room to work in; as you enter the hall the reception room is on my right hand side, west of that is the room where I receive my patients and the laboratory back of these two rooms.

These rooms are accessible only from the hallway by the door into your reception room? Yes, sir. Where is the kitchen? The kitchen is in the rear, on the right hand side. Was there a sleeping room there for one of the servants? Yes, sir, between that and my room. Were you accustomed to spend your evenings in your office? That depended on circumstances; when Booth's Theatre or Niblo's Garden were in operation, I generally went there to attend patients. You were employed by Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer to take care of their sick people? Yes, sir. Did you have anything to do with shutting up the basement ordinarily? No. I did not. There was nothing but a partition between the sleeping room of this servant and the laboratory? Nothing but a lath and plaster partition, I think

Was it the case before you came to this house that you had separate rooms? We had separate apartments before we came to this house. Did you often go down to your wife's room after she had gone to bed? Not after she was in bed; very seldom. You have some indistinct recollection of being in the street that evening—how long was it? I could not say; probably from half-past eight to a quarter to ten. The indistinctness of your memory is as to whether you went into that house in Twenty-fourth street or not? Principally. You did not say "Good night" to your wife, intending to return to the parlor? I do not know as I was intending to return to the parlor. Did you ordinarily say "Good night" to your wife when you left? Very frequently not.

What room did you go into to wash your teeth? I went down into my laboratory, finding the candle on the way, got my tooth wash and brush and went to the sink and washed my teeth, then came back, put my tooth wash in the laboratory, saw that everything was all right, then came out, locked the door, got my slippers in the reception room and went out. Is there gaslight in the laboratory? Generally. Then your object in taking the candle was to aid you in washing your teeth in the washroom? Yes, sir; because there it is entirely dark.

Do you remember lighting the candle that night? I lighted it every night, and must have done it that night; the candle was in the candlestick or I should have noticed it; the candles were very fluid, and a very little thing knocks off a drop, so I have a large tin candlestick. Before you left the back parlor had your wife made any preparations for bed? I am not quite sure; I think she had removed some clothing. Was there any gas in her room? I think not; there was a chandelier in the back parlor and gas in the hall rooms on the other floors, I think. What was the furniture in the back parlor? A dining table in the centre, chairs and two sideboards.

Did the doors in the back parlor slide easily? Not very. Did you hear any noise of sliding doors. None. Did the doors between the hall and the washroom slide easily? They made a little noise; the door between the closet and the hall was generally open; that between the closet and Mrs. Hull's room might have been open perhaps an inch. So that in summer time there were no doors shut on that floor at night? Yes; those between the front and back parlor were generally shut. Do you know about Mrs. Hull's rings? She always wore rings. In the notice by the police there were mentioned several solitaire rings? It is a mistake. Did she have none at all? I don't know but she did. Then it is not a mistake? I thought you were referring to earrings.

What jewelry did she have in this little sideboard? She had a great deal of jewelry which I can't recollect; a great many of her articles were in that little sideboard drawer. Was it locked? I think it had a lock,

but do not think it was locked. Were there articles of value upon the sideboard? There was a solid silver teapot, a sugar bowl and several other articles; I can't call them to mind. You went up to your room, holding a lighted candle, did you? Yes, sir. Were there indications of people being up? The gas was lighted as usual on both floors.

Q. Was the gas ordinarily burning in the halls when you went up? A. Ordinarily.

Q. What was the occasion of taking a lighted candle? A. It is more convenient for me to take it up; I needed it when I washed my teeth and to light my gas with.

Q. Did you have matches? A. Yes, sir.

Did you get your own matches? A. Generally those for my own use; they are parlor matches and make no smell of brimstone.

Q. Did you have any in your room? A. I don't remember.

Q. How long since you have used any of the old sulphur matches? A. I think not for a long time.

Q. How long did you keep your candle lighted after you got in your room? A. I lit the gas immediately and then blew the candle out.

Q. Do you remember whether there was another candle and candlestick in your room? A. I don't remember.

Q. Did anybody else use candles? A. The servants used them, but I don't think they were as good a quality as those that I used.

Q. Where did you keep your candles? A. In my laboratory.

Q. Did the servants know where they were? A. I always intended to keep the door locked, but often left the key in the door.

Q. When you went down stairs did you see the cook at all? No, sir; she has an oil lamp and I frequently see the light in her room.

Q. Do you remember whether or not you took an entirely new candle? A. I think it had been burnt nearly two inches.

Q. Did you go immediately to bed? A. Yes, sir, I slept a little between eleven and twelve, but not much; I heard Mr. Coleman come in, and Mr. Boetjer; between twelve and one o'clock I was quite uncomfortable; I went to the window and opened it a little and went back to bed.

You did not light either the candle or gas when you got up between twelve and one? I did not. Do you generally sleep well? When it is warm I sometimes throw the clothes off and catch cold, so that I have a string tied to the bedpost and wind it around them to keep me from throwing them off.

How many corners did you tie that night? Only one; I think I tied it that night. Do you know whether it was found tied in the morning? I always untied it when I got up myself. Was there any arrangement for tying the other corners? A year or so ago, when I was very restless, I sometimes tied both. Was that an idea of yours? Yes, sir; I get

filled with electricity so it makes me irritable. Never heard of anybody trying the clothes on both sides before? Never.

You say you were nervous and irritable? No more than from heat. Annoyed because you could not sleep? Uncomfortable—yes, sir. When troubled with sleeplessness do you ever take any composing draughts? Not often.

Did you sit up in bed? I sat on the edge of the bed occasionally; I was troubled with phlegm, and when I coughed and wanted to spit I would raise forward and spit. What was your idea of lighting the gas at one o'clock? It was more comfortable. Not because you wanted to do something which required gas? Not at all. Simply for company? No, not for company; it was simply convenient. What clothing did you put on? I slept in the shirt I had worn during the day. Did you have that shirt on in the morning? I think not. In the morning, when the first alarm came, you were in bed, were you? Yes, sir. When you got up you changed your shirt? No, sir. Then it must have been the same shirt you had on the day before? It must have been the same? I did not change that morning.

What do you do with your clothing when you discard it? I leave it in the room and the servant takes it. Did you light that candle again after you went to bed up stairs? No, sir. So far as you know it has never been lighted since? I don't know that it has. At two o'clock did you feel more disposed to sleep? Yes, I had got pretty much through coughing. How many people sleep on the same floor with you? The girl Mr. Coleman, Mr. Coleman's son and Mr. Hyde. Did the girl use a candle or a lamp? I don't recollect. Where did you first hear Mr. Coleman coming in? In the upper hall. When did Mr. Boetjer come in? I forget whether it was before or after Mr. Coleman. How many persons live in the house? Twelve.

Who were on the third floor? Mr. Ballard and his wife and Mrs. Coleman and Miss McAllister. Who is on the floor below that? Mr. Boetjer and his wife. Save hearing these two persons did you hear any other noise? None other that I recollect. And the lighting of your gas was not due to the suspicion that there was anybody in the house that did not belong there? Not in the least; no, sir. The first thing you heard on awakening was this cry, "Mrs. Hull is dead." Yes; repeated several times very loud; I jumped up at once and came down as quickly as possible. What did you put on? My pantaloons.

Stockings? I think not. Had you worn any underclothing to bed? Yes; I had on drawers and stockings and the shirt I had worn the day before: I put on my slippers, I think, and hurried down to my wife's bedroom. Who was there? Nobody; I think the older Mr. Coleman had been there before; the doors between the parlors were wide open, and

think. So as to admit the passage of more than one person? Yes, sir; two or three, I should think. What was the first thing you observed? I observed that Mrs. Hull was murdered; her neck and face were tightly bandaged; her hands corded over; her feet tied to the railings on each side of the bed; her body was covered up; it had been exposed and the servant covered it up. Without your touching anything was it possible for you to observe her feet and ankles tied? Her feet were exposed and her wrists. What did the bandages appear to be made of? I should think they were made of old linen sheets. What did you do? I put my hand on her and found she was cold, very cold; there was one bandage about the eyes just large enough to cover them, and tied extremely tight. Did you remove any of the bandages? No, sir.

Where did you go afterward? I went up to my room and put on some more clothing; I think I spoke to two ladies going up, and told them Mrs. Hull was murdered. You were in a state of distraction a good deal at that time? Yes, sir. Of course it impressed you at once as a very dreadful thing? Oh, it was a horrible murder.

When did you first hear about the doors being open? Well, Nancy spoke of it about that time; there were a great many people in the parlor and a great deal of confusion; in Mrs. Hull's room the trunk was open and things scattered around. What were the things? Clothing and papers. Did you examine them? I did not. Did you ask anybody to do so? I did not? Did anybody do so? I suppose so; I don't know. Were you not consulted by anybody at all as to what was missing? I think not; I don't remember. Did you send for the police or the Coroner? The elder Mr. Coleman sent.

Up to the time of the policemen's coming had any of those bandages been touched? I think not. Did you notice whether the pitcher was thrown over? I did not. Did you see any bottle on the bed? I think I did; it seemed to be a toilet or cologne bottle. Did you notice any smell of ether or chloroform? No, sir. Did you observe where the clothing of your wife was after the killing was discovered? I did not, except that her dress was in the front parlor. Where there? Just inside the door. (The witness here pointed out on the diagram the place where he found the dress.) Was she accustomed to leave her clothing in the front parlor? Yes, sir. Had you observed it at other times before? I don't think I have, but it is possible I might. Don't you think it is possible you may have been mistaken about that?

Mr. Townsend to Mr. Rollins—Mrs. Coleman put it there.

Witness—I would not be positive that it was there, but I think it was a thin calico dress of light color; I know I did see it in the front parlor. You had never known her to take off her dress in the front parlor? Yes, I think I have known her to take it off in the front parlor.

What was the thing that was thrown over her body? It was a loose cloth; I have no idea what it was. It was not the dark dress she had on the night before? No, sir. Was she accustomed to hang her clothing by the side of the door? Yes, I think so.

Is the lease of the house, Doctor, in her name? Yes, sir; from Mr. Davis; I think it was for three years. At the time of her death did your wife have a bank account? (Hesitatingly.) She has always kept a bank account; she kept it at the Second National Bank until some time ago, when she kept it at Vermilye's. Was she accustomed to check on Vermilye's? She has done it sometimes; I have seen her write checks. Lately, within a year? Yes, I think so. In what circumstances was your wife, pecuniarily? She had some property left her by her mother.

Ever since last fall the household, with the exception of the servants, has been about the same? Yes, sir. How long have the Coleman family lived with you? About fifteen years. Was there any special occasion for the letting of your house to lodgers? Nothing special; there was no necessity for it. Was there any talk about it between you and her? I don't recollect it; it is a good many years ago. The house in Twelfth street was used by lodgers as well? Yes, sir. Who made the contracts for board and rent? Mrs. Hull. Do you remember how often the boarders paid? I think about once a month.

Was Mrs. Hull accustomed to deposit her money in the bank as fast as she got money? She deposited as fast as she got it. Did she personally go to the bank to make deposits? Yes; sometimes I did it for her. Did you have a bank account of your own? I have had, but I took it away about eight or ten years ago; I pay less attention to business than any other man because I am engaged in experiments. Profitable experiments? I have sold \$125,000 worth of my experiments. Did you furnish Mrs. Hull money of late? Not of late; it has been rather the other way.

You have been out of active practice? No, I have not had so much income from my profession lately. Do you know whether she had any money at the time of the killing? I am pretty sure she had not; she expected some money, but I think she was out of money; some bills, I know, were unpaid. How much was the rental of the house? I forget; I cannot tell exactly; something over \$2,000 a year; I think it was something like \$2,200.

Do you remember how the rent was payable? Monthly. Do you know whether the rent for June had been paid? Mrs. Hull told me she had paid it. That would be nearly \$200? Yes, sir. Do you know whether she paid in cash? She has paid in cash and by check, but I don't know whether the last payment was in cash or by check. Where did she get that money? I never knew where she kept it; it is probable

she kept it in the house; I don't think that she had money in the house at the time; I know that her niece wanted \$25, and she told me that she had not got it.

Do you remember what the article was that was thrown over Mrs. Hull? I do not. It was over the lower part of the body? Yes, but it was two or three articles, and of a different color.

We have been told, Doctor, that the dog was dead; when did it die? About a month ago. The dog was not a cause of offence to anybody in the house? No, sir. What kind of a dog was it? A Skye terrier. Was it a noisy dog? No, sir. Likely to bark at strangers in the house? No, sir; sometimes it would bark a little at strangers. Did you observe the sickness of the dog, or try to do anything about it. It was costive.

At the time of the death of the dog did it occur to you that it might have been poisoned? Yes, it occurred to me about a month ago; Mrs. Newbold told me that their dog had been poisoned before their house had been robbed, and I thought mine had been poisoned; whatever poison it was it could not have been a corrosive poison, because it lived five or six days after it was attacked; I consulted a dog fancier in Canal street when it was sick; he recommended me to give it something, and I gave it, but it did no good; I gave the dog injections without number.

Did you see any suspenders about the room at the time you discovered the murder? No, sir. Whose dog was this? It was Mrs. Hull's

Where did the dog sleep? He slept in the room with Mrs. Hull; sometimes on a chair, sometimes on a sofa, and sometimes outside of the room. Had he been accustomed to sleep in your room? Yes; he used to sleep in my room a good deal till two or three months ago. You have no recollection of picking up in the hall or in the room any suspenders? No, sir. You think you would have remembered picking them up in the main hall? No, sir; I don't think it is possible I did.

Do you know of any person not in the house who would be likely to have a knowledge of the situation of the premises particularly? We have had several colored servants who know all about it. Do you know their names and addresses? I don't know their names; there is one I know by the name of William; I know a man by that name; Nellie, one of the servants, introduced him to me and said, "This is William, who used to work for us; that was about a month ago; Nellie has been with us a little more than a month.

Do you know whether your wife had any stocks or bonds? I have heard her talk of having stocks a good deal; sometimes she would have an envelope in the desk, and she would then say something about stocks. Would you not know whether it was a hundred or a thousand dollars' worth of stock? No, don't know whether it was a hundred or a thousand. Do you know whether she kept them in the house? No, but I

believe she kept them in the trunk which had evidently been disturbed by some one.

Do you remember whether the key to the trunk was in the trunk or not? I do not. By a juryman—Does the bronchial affection oblige you to get up in the night? Yes, sir. Were you in the habit of noticing Mr. Coleman come in at night? Not particularly, but I generally noticed him.

By Mr. Townsend—How long had you lived separately from your wife—that is, not kept the same bed? A great many years; I cannot say. Say as near as you can. Eighteen or nineteen years; it may be longer; I cannot say. How long have you known Mr. Chittenden? Seven or eight years, I should think; He has been Mrs. Hull's business manager altogether; he visited at the house every night almost; I have always known of this and have perfectly understood it.

The candles you spoke of, where did you keep them? I kept them in my laboratory, on the lower floor. You spoke of the servants bringing down the candle occasionally? The occasion was this: I would want the candle and the gas if I had a call in the night; I thought it much better to have a candle if I had to go down the stairs at night; I always ordered the servant to bring the candle down; sometimes she would not bring it, and if she did not bring it down I would have to take another up that night when I went to bed; this occurred only last week. Where did the servant sleep? Nancy, the cook, between the kitchen and the laboratory. Was there any one slept on the floor but her? No, one; Nellie may have slept there sometimes; I don't know. Where was Nellie's room? At the top of the house.

Since the death of your wife who has charge of it? Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. de Forest; they have entire charge, so far as I know; Mrs. Hull's cousin has been there for over a week. Was there any other than a physical cause for your sleeping separate from your wife? Physical; there was no other cause. I mean was there any disagreement? None whatever.

By Mr. Rollins—You spoke, Doctor, of having a candle chiefly on account of being called in the night; how often have you been called in the night? Not very frequently, but occasionally. When was the last? Not for some considerable time. Have you been within a year; how long is the last instance that you recollect? Some time last February, I think.

Is there more than one door bell in the house? There is a bell in the basement and a bell in the front door. Where is the gong bell? In the basement. Then the bell would alarm the cook? Yes, sir, and the whole house; I think there was an alarm in February.

Do you know that Mrs. Hull was at any time pressed for the rent?

I don't think she always paid it on the first day of the month; she would pay it generally on the third or fourth. Do you know whether she parted with any of her personal property for a loan? No, sir, I never knew of it; Mrs. Hull had, I think, a pair of solitaire earrings; she had had them some years; she had had the watch since last Christmas; it was a present; Mr. Chittenden gave it to her.

Mr. Chittenden's relations with the Hulls was so intimate that we add his testimony. His prompt and noble vindication of Mrs. Hull was just, right and manly.

Mr. Chittenden said:—I reside at No. 39 West Twenty-sixth street; I am a bond and stock dealer; I am fifty-three years of age next July; I am a single man; I have been married, but am a widower since 1855; I have been acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Hull five or six years; I think it was in the fall of 1873 I first made their acquaintance; they resided at that time in West Twenty-fifth street; since that time I have been very well acquainted with Mrs. Hull, and their house has been to me a social home; I have spent my evenings there; I was at the house on the night previous to the murder; it was some time about half-past eight when I went; I saw the Doctor, and I think it was not long after I arrived that I saw him; I think I remained until about a quarter-past ten; I never was in possession of a night-key of that house; the servants generally admitted me; we spent our evenings in general conversation and in whist playing; I think we played on that night a couple of games of cards; the Doctor was present during some part of the time that evening; I think that Mrs. Hull had on a light muslin dress, with pink figures; I did not notice whether she had jewelry on; I did not notice, even, whether she had a watch on or rings on her fingers; I believe she generally wore rings; I heard of the murder the next morning; Mr. Coleman informed me of it; I went immediately with him to the house; I should think that was about half-past eight or nine o'clock; I saw that the house was in great confusion; I did not go into the room; Mr. Coleman said to me, "She looks so horrible I would not go in if I were you, if you want to remember her as you saw her last."

To Mr. Rollins—I make my office at Mr. Vermilye's; I have my desk there; I make it my headquarters, and have done so for ten years; it depends upon the markets, but sometimes I am there until three o'clock in the day.

You were financial agent for Mrs. Hull? If you will allow me, I will explain it; it occurred in this wise: Soon after making the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Hull said to me that she would like to speculate; I said it was a very risky business, and that if she did it the Vermilyes' was as good a place as any other to open an account; so, in 1874, I think it was, she deposited some \$1,100 or \$1,200, and wanted to buy

something on that margin; she did so, and from that time, and up to the time of her death, she had bought and sold stocks; the account had varied, sometimes she had gained, and in periods of trade depression had lost, so that it was an occasion of great anxiety on her part; every night she would want to know the state of the market; we were figuring it out just previous to her death, and we found that she had something like \$5,000 or \$6,000 there; she had become very hopeful now that times had changed; in addition to this she had \$1,500 or \$1,600 at Hodgkiss, Vernon & Co.'s; so far as I know, she had no valuable securities at home; they honored her checks at Vermilyes'.

Were you in the habit of going out somewhere with Mr. and Mrs. Hull? Sometimes; Dr. Hull would have tickets for Booth's Theatre, and we would frequently go; I have not been there for six months. What do you mean by we? I mean, Mrs. Hull, the Doctor and myself; I have been to the theatre alone with Mrs. Hull, but not very often; I went with Mrs. Hull to Saratoga last summer; I accompanied her there; she stopped at a boarding house and I stopped at a hotel. Your intimacy, though natural and proper, would it be likely to excite a jealous man? You must excuse me; I cannot permit any imputation to be thrown upon her character; Mrs. Hull was the noblest and grandest woman I ever knew; I have related my conduct just as it occurred.

You never had any trouble with the Doctor on that subject. No, sir; quite the reverse; I saw the doctor there in the evening; I generally left a little before eleven; I spent my time there generally in the back parlor; I have occasionally dined with the family; not more than once or twice since they have been in that house; I don't recollect dining there on any Sunday; Mrs. Hull told me that she had bought some shares in the new Philadelphia Mining Company; Mr. Hyde had introduced them to her, and she prized them very highly; I do not think they had paid any dividend; Mrs. Hull went with me to the front door on the night before she was murdered; I have lived in New York since 1853; I was born in Pleasant Mount, Pa.; the Doctor did not join in our games in the evening; I don't think that the Doctor knew how to play; it was Mrs. Hull who taught me how to play; the Doctor's contribution to social enjoyment was a talk over the news of the day; I was introduced to Mrs. Hull by Mrs. Sayles at No. 52 West Twenty-fifth street; I was stopping there and she was an old friend of the family.

You went to Saratoga with Mrs. Hull with the knowledge of her husband. The Doctor asked me if I would not accompany her; I have never been with Mrs. Hull anywhere without the knowledge of her husband; the watch I gave her was a \$35 watch; the chain was a rope chain, and could be used either for an eye glass or a watch chain; I do not remember when I saw it last, but within a short time; I gave her the chain

about a year before I gave her the watch; I paid the manufacturer \$29 for it.

To Mr. Rollins—I frequently furnished her statements of accounts; she kept them, I believe; she was very methodical; women are frequently not methodical; she was a woman of great good sense; I think I have observed that she had a pair of solitaire diamond ear-rings.

After the case had been given to the jury, nobody expected there would be the slightest delay. In fact there were not a few who predicted that the jury would bring in a verdict without leaving their seats.

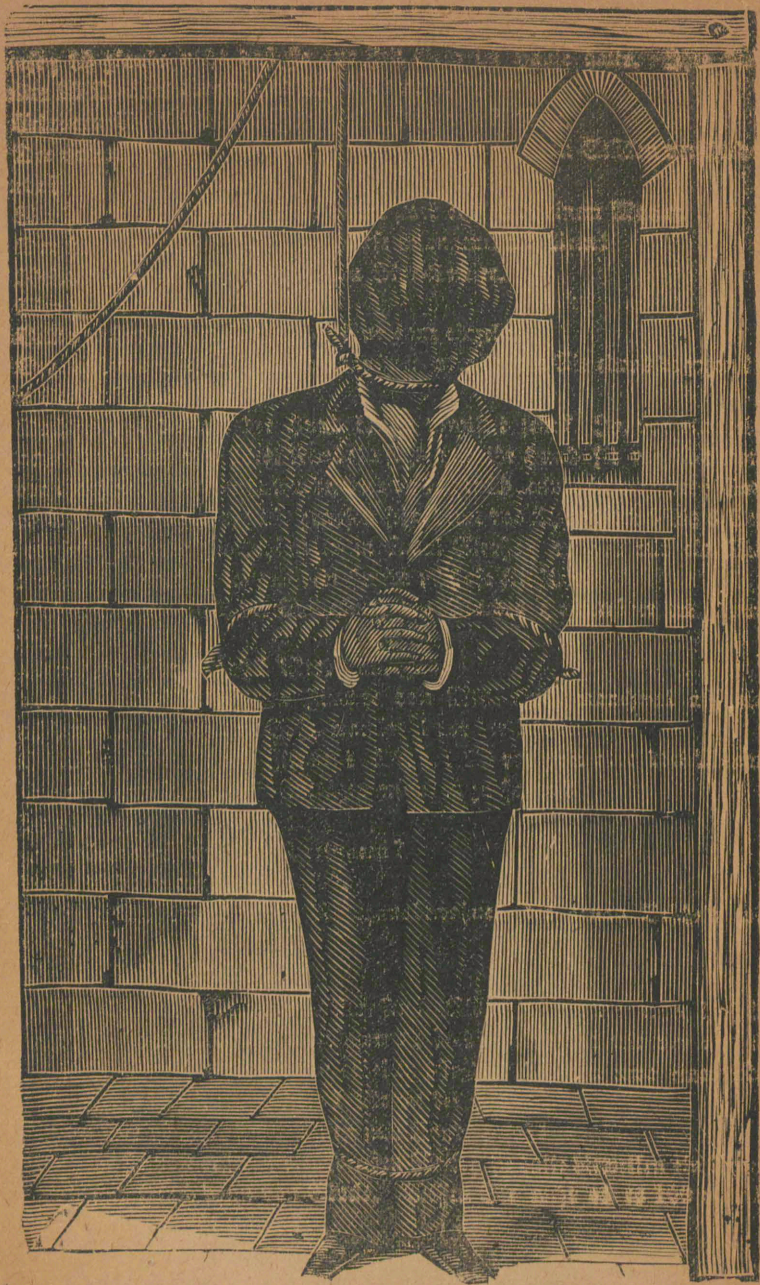
This was not so, however, for they retired promptly and returned in a little over an hour with their verdict of murder in the first degree.

Years have gone by since this memorable trial ended and the miserable wretch, Chastine Cox, expiated his crime upon the scaffold; but there are many who through their official positions were brought in contact with him, and others who were students of human nature, and men of great scientific attainments, who to this day maintain that he was impelled by some strange influence, some other person or spirit more powerful and ten times more wicked than himself. They are satisfied he told the truth, and now it is reasonably demonstrated beyond a doubt, who this controlling spirit was.

But who influenced Holmes? There must have been the entrance of a still more potent factor into that young man's mind, just as some ill wind bears the seed of a poisonous weed into a goodly wheat field. Just so, also, with this other hideous case of the Utah minister, Rev. Francis Herman. And what a strange coincidence of names for Satan to purchase human souls—Herman, Holmes' first name, and Herman the clergyman's last name.

Oh, Reader, watch the door carelessly left open to the heart of your child, of your young friend! Close it with prayer. That is the only secure bar against the entrance of Satan.

THE END.



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